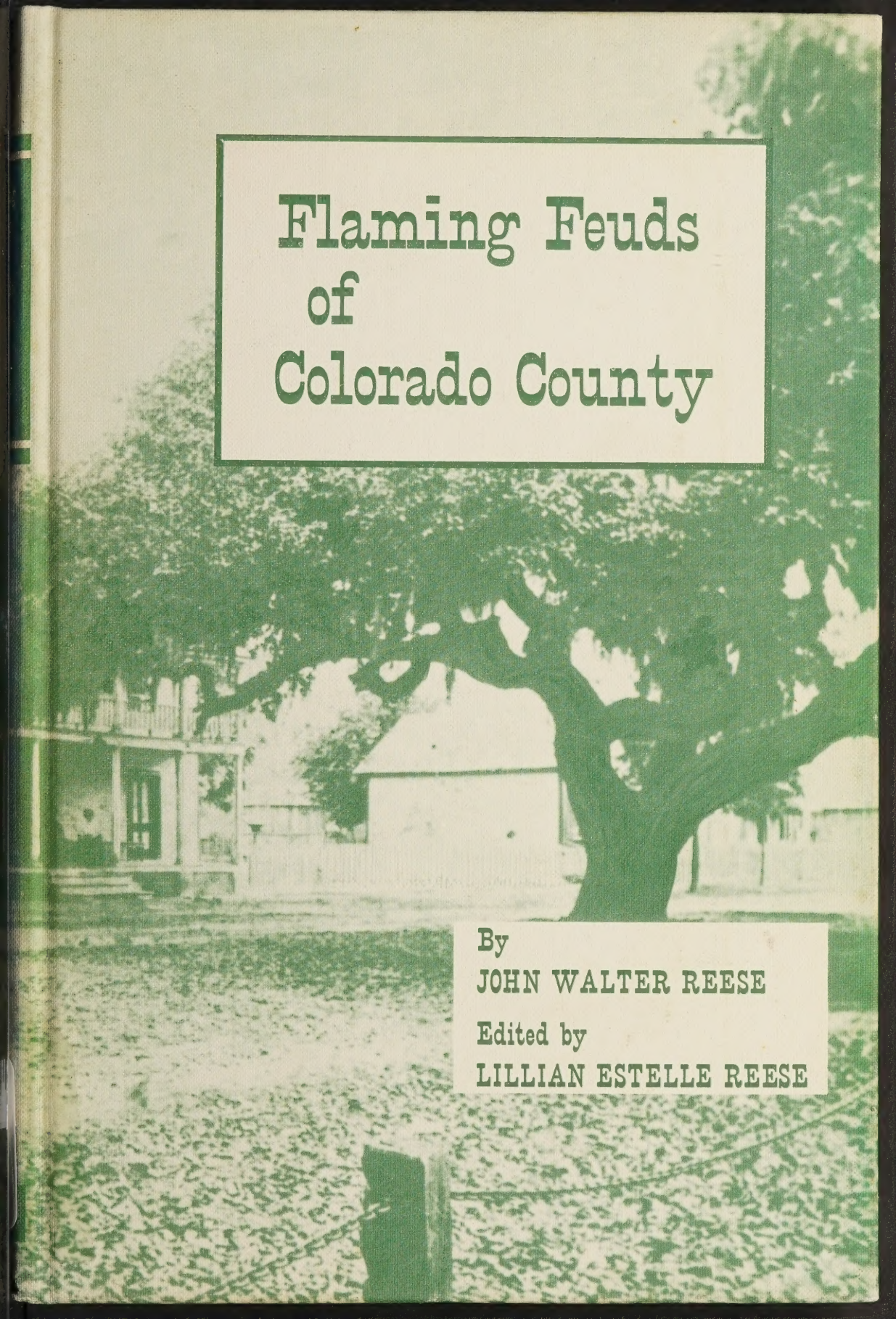




Flaming Feuds of Colorado County

By

JOHN WALTER REESE

Edited by

LILLIAN ESTELLE REESE

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FLAMING FEUDS



SHERIFF AND MRS. SAM H. REESE AND FAMILY

FLAMING FEUDS
of
COLORADO COUNTY

by
JOHN WALTER REESE
&
LILLIAN ESTELLE REESE



SALADO TEXAS

THE ANSON JONES PRESS

MCMLXII

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by
Lillian Estelle Reese

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Preface

THIS BOOK HAS BEEN COMPILED by Lillian Estelle Reese, one of the few witnesses and participants living today. Miss Reese is the daughter of the late Sam H. Reese and is director of the Reese Conservatory of Music at Columbus, Colorado County. J. Walter Reese, her brother, had kept a running record of contemporary events and from this, interspersed with entries from his diary, he planned to preserve for posterity, his recollections of an era of inter-family warfare as it affected his own life, as well as the lives touched by other vendettas, such as the Dunavant-Eldridge feud in the Eagle Lake sector.

Meantime, Mrs. Sam H. Reese, who died in 1944 at the age of 86, collected and classified newspaper clippings from all over Texas that reported the facts and reflected public sentiment at the time. This thoughtful, painstaking documentation provided the editor with the mature historical perspective so necessary to controversial reporting. Then too, her treasured photograph album provided most of the illustrations.

Mrs. Wee Winnie de Wall of San Antonio lent the portrait of her father, R. E. (Bob) Walker, Mrs. M. Subinski of Dallas, the portrait of the Rev. George Parker and the Editor is most grateful for both.

Dr. C. L. Sonnichsen of Texas Western College, El Paso has been of inestimable help. His encouragement and advice emanating as they did from this great historian's vast knowledge of feud-facts and phenomena, brought the blurred into focus. If the idiom is a little stark — well — these were stark and parlous times!



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Publisher's Foreword

EARLIEST FORM OF GOVERNMENT was probably a family group. In the struggle for survival it is easy to imagine contiguous family units generating enmity. As late as the XIIIth Century, Rudolph I of Germany, a monarch noted for wisdom, bravery and fair-dealing, legalized the right to feud.

In Colorado County, Texas, feuds were recognized as *de facto* law in certain strata of human misunderstanding. Many large cities now have quasi-legal fact-finding courts to deter extemporaneous gun-play.

By and large, however, life in the modern city is not as tranquil as it was in Colorado County in the 80's and 90's. Criminal acts were at a minimum and, come to think of it, divorce, narcotic and psychiatric problems were very rare. One quickly senses too, a feeling of sincerity and righteousness deeply rooted in the emotions of both feuding factions. To talk calmly (a hard thing to do!) to either of the principals involved about the origin, issues or latest outrages of a local situation was to invite a rationalized justification with a built-in compelling premise for more shooting. Set up parallel briefs for such a predicament and you have an inescapable background for tragedy in series. To drag the matter through courts of law would have been disgraceful and ridiculous. These trials by trigger had an impact of course, on the economic, cultural, educational and even spiritual life of the area wherever blood lines crossed, but since it often persevered for years the natives accustomed themselves to it; lived with it and thought little about it. Rank and file in town and county seemed as a whole as law-abiding as the next one and the feud-fever rarely attained epidemic proportions.

Remarkable too was a sort of code of ethics, unwritten but rigidly understood by both actors and spectators in the tenuous ground rules.

In *Flaming Feuds of Colorado County* first-hand accounts are set down by hardy men and women with that alert probity that comes with being in range. They are supported by the contemporary press and have gone unchallenged for many a decade. The reader, we hope, will appreciate the nice sense of tolerating the protagonist's right to his opinion and a broad, generous willingness to let bygones be.

THE PUBLISHERS

The Actors
and
The Setting



THE "OLD" COURTHOUSE



WALTER REESE (LEFT) AND HIS FRIEND WAYNE



BRUNSON'S SALOON



SPENCER HERBERT REESE



W. R. "BOB" WALKER



REV. GEORGE M. PARKER



DR. JOE F. LESSING



SPENCER HERBERT REESE



JOHN WALTER REESE



THE SHERIFF, COMMISSIONERS AND JUDGE MANSFIELD



JIM COLEMAN (LEFT)
AND WALTER REESE



DICK REESE



WALTER REESE (NO RIFLE) AND RANGERS



MRS. SAM H. REESE



SAM H. REESE



WALTER AND BUSTER REESE WITH LAVACA COUNTY OFFICERS



LILLIAN ESTELLE REESE



NONIE DUDLEY CAMPBELL



REESE RESIDENCE



WALTER REESE AND
STOGE (ELMO) DUDLEY



SHERIFF REESE AND
BOB KOLLMAN

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Prologue

Colorado County, no doubt, has been avoided by a great many people. My intention is to inform the public at large as to how some terrible feuds began and to give some other happenings in the county.

I do not intend to shield nor do I intend writing anything but facts, and these facts are what are going to irk somebody; and you are going to hear a lot of hot air going about on two legs and making a noise like a cyclone that tears everything down in its path. When you hear that you need not doubt but what some nighthawk of an assassin has heard, and the truth contained herein has hurt him and he is awfully mad. Now do not become alarmed at him for he amounts to nothing, and as long as you keep him from your back you are dead safe; for if anybody in this whole state of Texas, County of Colorado, knows this bunch of midnight assassins, I do.

Chapter I

THE TOWNSEND-STAFFORD FEUD

During the days of free range and wild cattle, this feud known as the Townsend-Stafford Feud came into existence. Each side had a certain claim of right. Each side had an equal claim of wrong.

There was Bob, John, Ben, and Bill Stafford. They came to Texas very poor men and amassed a fortune in the cattle business. Then there were the sons of Asa Townsend, an old aristocratic family of Texas, whose names were Lynn, Jake, Mose, Tupp, Sumner, Light and the twins, Hamp and Matt.

Active participants in the feud were Bob and John Stafford, Sumner, Tupp, and Light Townsend. One of the reasons for this feud was CATTLE.

Now R. E. (Bob) Stafford, as did his brother John, came to Colorado County when times were any man carried a gun, or as many as they wanted and law was something people had little regard for. In fact, the laws were few and the men who would, or could, enforce them were fewer. So few that a man was seldom arrested. Such a thing was ridiculous and was not tolerated. Therefore, when the Stafford boys came to Colorado County, they had a great many fights, and those fights led up to a feud that was known for years and years as the Townsend-Stafford Feud. As is always the case, each side had its sympathizers and friends. Now strange to say, but nevertheless true, whenever these two factions met, nothing but a fight would pacify their feelings. So it always happened, without exception, one side of the faction getting the best of it this time and the other side of the faction winning at the next.

It is told that one time Bob Stafford waylaid Sumner Townsend and shot him just below the heart. Sumner got off his horse, grappled with Stafford and took his gun, a small caliber pistol, away from him and was about to shoot him. Stafford begged for his life and Sumner spared it.

Sometimes shooting scrapes would be pulled off and after several years of this fighting, J. L. (Light) Townsend was elected Sheriff of Colorado County. At the time he was elected, Mr. Townsend was in the employ of a ginner working in the press room of the gin. He had chosen this kind of work in preference to farm work.

When Townsend was elected Sheriff, the negroes had the controlling vote. They could be bought with money or fear. They feared the Staffords. Townsend took the oath of office and assumed the duties of Sheriff of Colorado County and continued to hold this office for a number of years being re-elected at each election.

I will add here that during those days the negro vote far exceeded those of the white voters and Mr. Townsend and his friends controlled the negro vote of Colorado County. Of course, the Stafford faction fought Townsend at each election, but being avowed enemies to the negro race, never succeeded in defeating him.

LARKIN HOPE ELECTED MARSHALL

Things kept getting worse and worse and Townsend was in a position in which he was afraid to be left alone. Then his nephew, Larkin Hope, was elected City Marshal of Columbus, the County Seat, who in turn deputized his brother Marian Hope, both being the nephews of the Sheriff, Light Townsend.

Larkin Hope had the reputation of being a killer and gunman and posed as a friend of the Staffords, who apparently believed in him and repeatedly befriended him and even aided materially in Hope's election to the office of City Marshal.

JOHN STAFFORD

John Stafford built a large country home several miles from Columbus and had an extra large room for dancing included therein. One night they were having a dance in the Stafford home. Warren, son of Bob Stafford, brought a friend whose name was Townsend, but bore no relationship to the feuding Townsends, for an evening of fun and dancing. Both young men were drinking heavily and for some incomprehensible reason, left the dance and went to a camper's tent and asked for water. The man said he had none. The camper was killed. Light Townsend was Sheriff. The Staffords planned not to allow these men to go to prison. They, therefore, had lawyers prepare the bonds and then they would bring the culprits to Columbus with all papers properly signed by friends, and put one over the Sheriff. However, this plan backfired as Townsend got wise to them and discovered their place of concealment. He lodged them in jail. This made the Staffords very angry and they plotted many times to get Townsend.

BOB STAFFORD'S SON-IN-LAW

Now Early was the son-in-law of Bob Stafford. He was a heavy drinker and a good friend of Light Townsend. He discovered that the Staffords were planning to shoot Townsend on a certain day, the laying of the cornerstone of the new Court House. He slipped out of the Stafford house and reported this to Townsend. Also, Mrs. Anderson accidentally heard some of the plot while she was visiting with the John Staffords. She went to her home, which was near Columbus, and sent a trusty Negro servant with a note telling Townsend what she had overheard. This corroborated the story of the man Early. Townsend was a smart, clever man. He decided to get sick. With his kinsman, Marcus Townsend, he plotted to outplot the Staffords. A good tool was his nephew Larkin Hope, who had accepted many favors from the Staffords. They called Hope in, made him an offer, and described the plot. Hope was willing and again blood would be shed on the streets of Columbus.

I want to say that anything contained herein will be sworn to, if necessary, for I am writing nothing but the honest plain God's truth, and anyone contradicting same is a liar and kin to the breed who furnished material for the original chronicle.

I will, in the proper places, insert newspaper clippings of accounts of different happenings in Colorado County, and nothing that did not begin in Colorado County will be printed in this book, for I am writing of Colorado County feuds and do not intend to mention anything that did not begin in said County.

Some people will say that I shouldn't have reviewed the past by causing this book to be printed, using the old saying, "Let the dead bury the dead." I do not believe in that saying very much when one side does all the burying.

Now in the following chapters, accounts will be given of the killing of John and Bob Stafford, on the corner of Milam and Spring Streets, in the town of Columbus, Colorado County, Texas, on July 7, 1890, by kinsmen of J. L. Townsend, who was at that time the Sheriff of said county. I will insert results of citizens meeting in the town of Columbus wherein they denounced the Sheriff whom they alleged was a member of the feud and shielding and protecting one side of the feud. They believed it was against the interest of the County for him to remain Sheriff of said county.

THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE

So on the day of July 7, 1890, like all country towns, Columbus had a big celebration. The event was the laying of the cornerstone of the Colorado County Court House which was being erected. People from all over the county and adjoining counties were there to have a good time, which was sure to be had as there is nothing today that is equal to an old time country celebration. Things went along nicely until in the afternoon. Prior to this celebration, Bob Stafford went to Larkin Hope and said, "Larkin, I want you to do me a favor." Stafford had the right to ask this because he had loaned Hope

money many times, and it was never repaid. But he also had practically saved Hope from serving time in the penitentiary when Hope had killed a negro and a Mexican. Hope replied, "I'll be glad to do anything I can for you, Mr. Stafford." Then Stafford said, "You know my son Warren will be in town and will get drunk as usual. I want you to take him home. Don't lock him up. For myself, I wouldn't care much, but it would hurt his mother to have this happen. I don't care what you charge. I'll pay the price gladly." Hope promised faithfully to do this for Mr. Stafford, and it was this very thing that helped the Townsends to carry out their pre-conceived plan to kill the Staffords.

ASSASSINATION OF THE STAFFORD BROTHERS

Warren, son of Bob Stafford, came to town and as usual got drunk and instead of keeping his promise to Stafford, Hope acted according to the instructions given him by Light and Marcus Townsend, and hastened to put Warren in the calaboose. Instead of taking Warren around another street, Hope dragged him down Spring Street in front of Bob Stafford's residence, which was rated the finest home in Columbus, where Mrs. Stafford could see her son's degradation and mistreatment.

After this, Hope returned to town and in due course met Bob Stafford in front of Nicholia's saloon, corner of Spring and Milam Streets. Marian Hope being conspicuously near. Bob Stafford was whittling on a piece of pine and was unarmed. He approached Hope and said, "Larkin, why didn't you do as you promised me? I don't think I've been treated right."

At this juncture Hope began cursing Stafford, whereupon John Stafford, who was also unarmed came to the saloon door in his shirt sleeves (and not a sign of a weapon), calling, "Mr. Hope, allow me to take my brother home."

About this time Larkin shot Bob and almost simultaneously, Marian shot John, who was not even showing anger

or temper, being in his accustomed mild, peaceful way and not realizing he and his brother Bob were marked for slaughter.

After shooting Bob Stafford, Larkin Hope coldly and deliberately walked to where John Stafford was sitting on the steps of the saloon, dying. He had been shot in the stomach by Marian Hope, who had run off to the protection of his uncle and co-conspirator of the plot, Light Townsend. Light however was conveniently sick and waiting for the news at the jail house.

Now John Stafford, seeing Hope about to shoot him said, "For God's sake Larkin, don't shoot me again. Marian has already killed me. Let me live 'til my wife gets here. Yonder she comes now." Hope replied, "Take your medicine like a man you G-D-S-O-B." The bullet passed through John's head, powder burning his face and disfiguring him terribly.

ARRIVAL OF SHERIFF J. L. TOWNSEND

The Sheriff of Colorado County, who was "sick" shortly before the killings, now arrived on the scene. He had been at the jail, which was a short distance away, when he received the news from the running Marian, who had run and gotten over the back fence.

Marian claimed the reason he ran was that he was afraid of a mob. This statement showed how justifiable he was in the murder. At the jail they were accorded all the privileges possible under the circumstances.

MASS MEETING ORGANIZED

There was much indignation and a Citizens' Meeting was organized in Columbus wherein they denounced the Sheriff whom they alleged was a member of the feud and was shielding and protecting the members of the Townsend faction. They believed it against the interest of the County for him to remain sheriff of said County.

INSERT OF MASS MEETING'S FINDINGS

Columbus, Texas, September 5, 1890

Pursuant to a call for a mass meeting of the Citizens of Colorado County to consider questions relating to the sheriff, etc., about 75 citizens representing every section of the county assembled at Ilse's Hall and were called to order by W. A. L. Smith of Borden. Mr. Wm. Morris was then called to the chair, R. H. Harrison elected Secretary. The Chairman briefly stated the object of the reviewing of the questionable methods by which the present nominee of the Democratic party attained the nomination, and suggesting many cogent reasons why said nomination should not be retained, called upon the many citizens assembled to consider every question before them with calmness and deliberation and to act upon these honestly, firmly, and with unswerving determination. Upon taking his seat the following resolution was offered and adopted.

Resolved; That this is an anti-Townsend meeting and that no person be allowed to take part in its deliberations who is in favor of J. L. Townsend for sheriff. Upon the adoption of this resolution three or four parties got up and left the hall.

It was then moved and seconded that the chair appoint a committee of five to draft resolutions expressive of the sentiments of this meeting on questions before them. This resolution was carried and the chair appointed L. C. Ayars, W. A. Smith, F. Auerbach, Albert Carter, and Ike T. Towell, who at once retired to prepare their report.

During their absence the chairman again addressed the meeting urging calmness and deliberation to all parties concerned. Upon the return of the Committee it submitted the following report, which after being carefully read was unanimously adopted.

Whereas: The late Democratic convention nominating for Sheriff one J. L. Townsend against whose official character there have been such grave charges of such

magnitude brought that we as citizens cannot and will not support the said J. L. Townsend. Therefore be it

Resolved: That we in mass meeting protest against the candidacy of the said J. L. Townsend for the following reasons.

First: That the said J. L. Townsend has heretofore never affiliated with the Democratic Party, but has heretofore during his political candidacy worked against the regulation nominee of the said party.

Second: That the said J. L. Townsend is at this time a party to a feud existing in this county, and that said feud cannot be settled as long as he remains in office.

Third: That the said J. L. Townsend stands charged with having prostituted the high office of sheriff, for the benefit of two murderers who are guilty of two of the most cowardly dastardly murders ever committed in Texas.

Fourth: That he is charged with attempting to control not only the office of sheriff, but every constable and marshall's office in the county for his own purposes.

Fifth: That he stands charged with having advised and assisted in mutilating and changing the acknowledgment of a deed in the County Clerk's office of Colorado County, Texas, for his own personal benefit. As evidence of this last charge the copied statement of the Rev. Jno. A. Cheatham is appended.

THE APPENDED COPY

The State of Texas:

County of Colorado:

I, John A. Cheatham, of County of Colorado and State of Texas, desire to make the following statement of facts relative to the alteration of the acknowledgment of a deed by J. L. Townsend to my wife Eleanor Cheatham. J. L. Townsend took the book containing the acknowledgment of the deed and invited me into the District Clerk's office of Colorado County, and when we were on the inside he turned and locked the door, and began

to explain that as my wife, Mrs. Eleanor Cheatham, was then dead, it would be better to have the deed altered and changed to me that there would be no wrong to erase her name and substitute mine in the place of hers. This I refused to do at first, but Mr. J. L. Townsend insisted that there was no crime attached to such an act, and then and there promised to give me six hundred dollars if I would make the change or allow it to be made. I consented to the transaction and we together erased Mrs. Eleanor Cheatham's name and I wrote mine in its place having Mr. J. L. Townsend's assurance that there was nothing criminal in the change. I would state further that I was a comparative stranger in this country having recently arrived from England, and was unacquainted with the laws of the State and relied upon the honor of Mr. J. L. Townsend.

Witness my hand this day of September 1890

(Signed) John A. Cheatham

State of Texas:

County of Lavaca:

Before me R. B. Allen, a Justice of the Peace and Ex-officio Notary Public for Lavaca County, this day personally appeared John A. Cheatham, known to me to be the person whose name appears to the foregoing instrument for the purpose therein obtained. Given under my hand and seal of office this the sixth day of September, 1890.

(Signed) R. B. Allen

Justice of the Peace and Ex-officio Notary
Public L. C.

Lee C. Ayars

A. L. Carter

W. A. L. Smith

Frank Auerbach

Ike T. Towell

Committee

It was moved and seconded that foregoing committee on resolutions be made an executive committee for this meeting, carried. Moved and seconded that the Colorado Citizen be requested to publish these proceedings in its next issue, carried. Moved and seconded that this mass meeting adjourn to meet again at Ilse's Hall at two o'clock p.m. Saturday the 27th, inst. for the pupose of nominating a People's candidate for sheriff of Colorado County.

William Morris, Chairman

R. H. Harrison, Sr., Secretary

SHERIFF TOWNSEND DISQUALIFIED

Light Townsend being disqualified, a new man was sought who could be trusted to be friendly to both sides of the faction.

Chapter II

ENTER SAM REESE

There was a young married man by the name of Sam H. Reese who was chosen, as he was acceptable to both sides of the faction. At this time he was the duly elected Constable of Oakland, and had cleaned this little town of many undesirable and tough characters. He was a son of Captain Fleming S. Reese, deceased, and it was a well known fact that Bob Stafford and the late Captain Reese were close friends. It was also known that the Reese family had at all times kept themselves neutral in the feud since they were friends to both parties or factions and were respected by both sides. Sam Reese's wife was the former Miss Keron Blanche Townsend, youngest child of Mrs. Spencer Burton Townsend, whose husband had long since been dead. Although Spencer B. Townsend and Asa were brothers, his children were non-participants in the feud, and while Mrs. Reese was a first cousin of Light Townsend she was opposed to any form of feudism. When Mr. Reese accepted this appointment and went to Columbus to serve as sheriff during the trouble, Mrs. Reese was very distressed and endeavored to discourage her husband from accepting the nomination. However, Sam Reese was from the old school and was his own man. He therefore, accepted this commission and later became Light Townsend's first deputy, thereby moving his family, against his wife's advice, to Columbus. Sam Reese was a true loyal officer and friend. He showed the Staffords and their friends every courtesy and protection, not countenancing any underhand work from either party. Both the Stafford and the Townsend factions trusted him and he did much to keep down further trouble.

THE GAMBLERS

After the Stafford killing, there was another killing by prominent men in Eagle Lake. Three gamblers, rated as shady characters had come to Eagle Lake. Some prominent men of Eagle Lake decided to do something about it. The gamblers were evidently wised up about this and attempted to make their get-a-way. These Eagle Lake men went after them and shot one of them down and they supposed that he was dead. The other gamblers ran, and believing that the fallen man was dead they took after the two flying figures and killed them. They then returned to the scene of the first killing and to their great astonishment found the dead man had disappeared. They searched diligently but could not find him, and this slick gambler escaped from the country for good.

Sheriff Townsend and his office force were immediately notified of this event and he and his first deputy, Sam Reese went to investigate and make arrests. Upon nearing the little city of Eagle Lake, Townsend was warned that he was marked for slaughter. Sam Reese removed his coat and hat and giving them to his friend and chief officer, put on Townsend's hat and coat and in this manner Mr. Townsend got safely out of Eagle Lake. Mr. Reese proceeded into the city proper and made the investigations and arrests and brought the accused men to the jail in Columbus where bond was soon furnished them. The trial was later transferred to La Grange and the men were acquitted. An amusing, though almost serious aspect of the case was that there was one man who was accused who was entirely innocent. As the trial progressed it was apparent that he was to be made the goat. Mr. Reese had started home when a messenger overtook him and said, "They are about to convict S. P. Moore, and only your testimony will save him." Mr. Reese immediately returned to La Grange and saved an innocent man from punishment.

MURDER PLOT FRUSTRATED

There was a man named Bob Walker who was a devoted friend of Sam Reese. Walker was a close friend and sympathizer of the Stafford faction. When he learned of a plot to

kill Light Townsend he did not particularly care, but when one of the gang said, "What are we to do about Sam Reese? He is always with Light Townsend and has repeatedly saved his life, we'll have to kill Reese if we succeed in killing Townsend because Reese is not afraid of anything and he will kill the man who attacks Townsend," there was much argument for and against including Reese in the murder plot. Finally the leader said, "I like Sam Reese. He's a good man and a square shooter. Nevertheless, he must be sacrificed in order to get Townsend." Bob Walker remonstrated vehemently and said that he would not stand for Reese to be killed. This did not deter these plotters, however, and they calmly laid what they thought was an iron-clad plan. Walker subsided and said no more and listened carefully to the plans apparently agreeing with them. Walker hated Townsend but he loved Sam Reese. He debated for a long time within himself about this matter. Finally he went to Reese and told him the entire plan and again Mr. Reese was able to frustrate this plot without the shedding of blood.

H. H. MOORE

There was a man named H. H. Moore who was a paid killer of the Stafford faction. He was all set to kill Light Townsend. As Mr. Townsend could not appear in Eagle Lake to make arrests and transact official business, he always sent Sam Reese. At one time when Mr. Reese had gone to Eagle Lake, three men came to the jail and Mrs. Reese went to the door. She noticed that only one man stood directly in front of the door, the other two men were standing at a little distance. As the jailor was out, Mrs. Reese asked if she could do anything for them. They asked if Mr. Reese was in and she answered no that he was out of town. Then the spokesman asked: "Do you know where he is?" Mrs. Reese answered, "He went to Eagle Lake on business." They thanked her and as they were leaving Mrs. Reese heard one of them say, "It's all right, she is telling the truth." She was busy with her household cares and idly wondered what they meant by this. Of course, she knew the sheriff was in town but did not attach any importance

to the remark or think that it had any bearing on the feud trouble.

THE MESSENGER

After a little while Mr. Townsend sent a messenger to ascertain if Mr. Reese had returned home. The answer was no and he sent three times with the same question and receiving the identical answer, "No." By the time Mr. Reese returned, Mrs. Reese had completely forgotten the incident.

After a bath and supper, Mr. and Mrs. Reese were enjoying a quiet evening together when there was a knock on the back door and a voice said, "It's me, Light, open quick." Then Mrs. Reese remembered and said, "Oh, I forgot to tell you Papa that Light had sent word for you several times today." By this time Mr. Townsend was in the room and said, "Sam, I want you to go with me. There are three men here to kill me." Mrs. Reese then remembered the strange behavior of the men of the early afternoon and related the story to them. Townsend said, "Why didn't you let me know?" She replied that she did not place any importance about it and forgot all about the matter. She described the men and Townsend said, "Those are the men that are after me, Keet." By this time Mr. Reese was dressed for the street and with Townsend searched the town and vicinity for practically the entire night but failed to find the men.

ANOTHER CLOSE CALL

One night Mr. Townsend came to the back door of the Reese home, which was in the new jail, and said, "Sam, they came pretty near getting me just now." It appeared that Mr. Townsend had gone to town alone that night, which was a rare thing for him to do. He started toward his home at the usual lively but cautious pace. The moon was overshadowed and as he neared his gate the cloud shifted from the moon for a split second and he saw the glint of a long gun. The party holding the gun was behind a tree. Mr. Townsend was too close to turn back so he resorted to this ruse which worked admirably. He continued to walk forward in his regular stride, no slower, no faster; realizing all the

time that the gun was pointed at him. Instead of entering his own gate he continued down the street for two blocks, then circled back to the jail to get Mr. Reese. Both men left together and again their search was fruitless. It developed afterwards that the man who was to do the actual killing was a stranger who was paid to do the work. His instructions were to shoot Townsend as he entered his gate. Now since this man had passed the Townsend gate and strolled down the street, the killer thought he was just another resident of the town. When there was no shooting heard by the enemy, one of the gang had gone down the street and asked the stranger why he had not killed Townsend as instructed. He replied, "I'm still waiting for him." He was then hustled out of town quickly after being told that the man who had passed him was the Sheriff. So this accounted for the officers failing to catch him.

COURT SESSION — DANGER

As there were bad feelings between Larkin Hope and his Uncle Light Townsend, it made Mr. Townsend doubly careful. He had to watch his feudal enemies and also this kinsman who declared that Townsend had mistreated him. He repeatedly cursed the sheriff and threatened his life. Of course, Mr. Townsend did not wish to kill his own nephew so he avoided him whenever possible.

At one time Mr. Reese had to lock Hope in the jail to keep him from killing his uncle, and while Mr. Reese was friendly with Hope and had assisted him financially many times, he had to protect the life of the Sheriff.

Hope was a man who bore grudges. He pretended friendship but at the same time was planning some way to get even. Later events proved this. During Court session, Mr. Reese usually attended to all necessary business as it was dangerous for Mr. Townsend to appear on the streets or in the Court House when members of the other faction were in town. One day Mr. Reese was compelled to be out of the city and Mr. Townsend went to his office in the Court House. As soon as the enemy knew of this they began to station themselves at convenient angles watching for Mr.

Townsend to come out. Larkin Hope enjoyed this affair immensely and when Mr. Reese returned home on the old Southern Pacific train he was met by a friend and was told, "Townsend is in the Court House and can't get out. He has been there all day. They are laying for him to come out. The man who is to do the real job came in on the La Grange tap." After ascertaining where the stranger was, Mr. Reese went up to him, took his gun and put him in prison. He then started to the Court House. he met Larkin Hope who said viciously, "The damn - - - has been afraid to come out all day. I hope they kill him. I won't go to his assistance." Then Mr. Reese told Hope that he had better go home because he, Sam Reese, was going to the Court House and get Townsend and take him home. When he arrived at the sheriff's office, Townsend said, "Sam, I was never so glad to see anyone in my life. I have been cooped up here all day and nobody would risk walking with me. I sent for Larkin but he refused, cursing and hoping that they would kill me." By quick action and clever scheming Mr. Reese safely conducted the sheriff to his home. They were true friends as well as good officers, but Mr. Reese was no relation of Mr. Townsend. Mrs. Reese, however, was the sheriff's first cousin as their fathers were brothers.

THE ANONYMOUS LETTER

At another time when Mr. Reese was out of town, Mr. Townsend repeatedly sent a messenger to Mrs. Reese asking if and when Mr. Reese would return. Therefore, when Mr. Reese did come home his wife said, "Papa, Cousin Light has been sending a negro here off and on all day inquiring when you would be home." Just as she finished speaking there was a timid knock on the back door and she continued with, "I guess that is him now." It was a note, and after reading it Mr. Reese said, "Come on, Mother. You can visit with Alice while I see what Light wants." When they reached the Townsend home, Mrs. Townsend ushered them into the bedroom in which Mr. Townsend, at a later date, died. After closing the bedroom door carefully, Mr. Townsend asked that all three of them be seated. He then removed a letter

from an envelope and read it to them in a low whisper. Mrs. Reese said that in this note Mr. Townsend was told to meet a certain party, no name given, at Waelder near a certain clump of bushes. The note said to bring one person with him who was entirely trustworthy as he would have an important message to deliver and that it was a question of life or death for Townsend. Mr. Reese took the letter and read it slowly and carefully from beginning to end. Then Mr. Townsend said, "Sam, I don't know whether it's a friend or an enemy. It is dangerous to go." Mr. Reese interrupted, "Listen Light, an enemy could do this but it doesn't appear that way to me. I vote to give it a try. If it is on the square you stand to win. If it is a frame we are already warned and can hold our own because we will be on the alert for treachery." It was then and there decided that they would go to this spot as directed, telling no one other than those in the room as was instructed in the note. They went the very next day complying with the instructions of the anonymous writer and found everything as stated. A man met them and quickly related the plans of a new plot to kill Townsend. The plot was about faultless but because of this warning it also failed. The sequel: On a specified day and time Sam Reese met the S. P. train and when a well dressed stranger alighted, and fitted the description of the killer as given by the friend of the anonymous letter, Mr. Reese approached him and said, "Friend, you had better get right back on the train and if I ever catch you again in this town or county, I'll throw you in jail." No other words were spoken. The stranger looked Mr. Reese in the eye, stepped right back on the train and was never seen in these parts again.

Chapter III

ASSASSINATION OF MOSE TOWNSEND

Mose Townsend was a nephew of the sheriff's and was the Constable of Weimar. He was a son of Tupp Townsend and was rated a fine Christian young man. With another officer by name of Hatch York, Mose arrested and imprisoned in the city calaboose a dangerous desperado named Braddock whom they caught shooting at a passing train. This man was a killer and known to be a perfect marksman. According to reports, Braddock could shoot a close fitting hat off a man's head without fear of injury to the person. In late afternoon, Hatch York said, "Mose, I gave Braddock his dinner, now you give him his supper." So Mose took the food to the calaboose and handed it in to the prisoner. For some unknown reason, which raises doubts in a thinking mind, Hatch York had left a bucket of water on the outside of the cell. Braddock said, "Mr. Townsend, will you please put that bucket of water in my cell so I can get a drink when I want it?" As the officer placed the bucket in the cell this cold blooded killer plunged a knife into Mose's breast, completely severing the lung and then left him to die. He did not die instantly, however, and the little town of Weimar was soon thrown into a state of horror over such a vile act.

THE POSSE GOES AFTER BRADDOCK

Sheriff Townsend was notified and with his deputy Sam Reese left on a freight train and they were soon in Weimar. After a short investigation they returned to Columbus, and adding Dick Bridge to the party, left on horses to try and

locate the killer. Sheriff Hamilton Dickson, a fine brave officer of Wharton, joined the party and there was another man who did not amount to much, by the name of Hart with them.

The weather was atrocious. Heavy rainfall helped the murderer to escape for he had several hours start on the officers. At a house near Eagle Lake there was a woman whom the officers suspected of assisting the killer in his escape. She was an avowed enemy of Sheriff Townsend. It was decided, therefore, that Mr. Reese, whom she did not know, would approach her and make casual inquiries. Mr. Reese rode up to the house and called the customary "Hello," and as the woman came to the door he raised his hat and asked if she would give him a drink of water. This character immediately began a harangue. She cursed and abused all officers and made it clear that she was cognizant of the fact that he was numbered among those she was discussing. Mr. Reese afterwards related this incident to his wife, saying, "Mother, I took my first cussing. I certainly wish that she had been a man or that one of her men folk had been around. That woman really knew how to curse."

HANDICAPPED

Now these officers were out to get this outlaw, yet it was next to impossible for them to get much information. So when the sheriff said, "Sam, you know that H. H. Moore hates me and will kill me if he gets a chance. He likes you and I believe that you can get some valuable information from him about Braddock. He is paid to kill me and will do so on sight." Mr. Reese, therefore, went to H. H. Moore and asked him to help him find Braddock. Moore replied, "I hate where Townsend stands, but I like you, Mr. Reese, because you have treated me and my crowd square." After further conversation, Moore told Reese that Braddock was in a ten acre thicket, and also how to get there. Of course, this was not exactly accurate because Moore got word to Braddock to be ready for these officers of the law. After reporting his findings, the officers saw a negro man coming toward them and Mr. Reese said, "I bet that nigger has been taking food to Braddock." The men stopped the negro and made the

necessary inquiries but the negro flatly denied any knowledge of the desperado. This did not fool these men, for they were Southerners and knew this species well. Without argument or comment they took the negro with them and he finally admitted that he did know Braddock and repeated the identical tale that Moore had told Mr. Reese. This convinced the officers that this was a frame, but they had a hunch that there was some truth in it. They used hatchets to cut their way through much underbrush and discovered a thirty acre thicket instead of a ten.

When the place of concealment was located, Mr. Townsend asked, "Who will take the lead?" That fearless officer Sheriff Dickson of Wharton quickly answered, "I will." Sam Reese immediately countered with, "It is not right for Dickson to take the lead. This is Townsend's man and if he doesn't take the lead, then as first deputy sheriff, I will lead."

Townsend consented to this plan. He and Dickson were to go first and at the first shot the other men were to come running to their assistance. So Bridge and Reese prepared to follow at the given signal. Now Dickson did take the lead, however, and saw what he thought was a man sleeping. He said to Townsend, "There he is now!" Braddock who was lying close to the dummy behind a log, shot Dickson two times. Townsend was behind a small tree and saw at once that this was a dummy. Even before the shots were stilled, Sam Reese was there and saw Braddock aiming his gun at Townsend. Mr. Reese called to Braddock to drop that gun, but instead of obeying this command, the desperado turned the gun on Reese and shot at the same instant that Reese's gun exploded. Mr. Reese shot only one time and killed Braddock.

DICK BRIDGE—MRS. REESE

In relating the above to Mrs. Reese, Mr. Dick Bridge said that after Townsend and Dickson left them he thought this matter over carefully and decided to take no chances by running to them at the first shot. He further remarked, "Mrs. Reese, I believe Sam Reese is the bravest and quickest man I ever saw. When he says he will stay with you he means

he will die with you. He was away even before the first shot was fired. He killed Braddock with one shot and was positively not the least bit excited."

When Mr. Reese saw that Braddock was dead he went to the dying sheriff and said, "Dickson, old man, I got him!" Mr. Dickson smiled, tried to squeeze the hand that was holding his, and passed to the great beyond. These officers had gotten their man but there was drear sadness in their hearts because they had lost a brave, fearless, officer, friend, and comrade in arms—Sheriff Hamilton Dickson of Wharton.

KILLING OF H. H. MOORE

Leaving Dick Bridge, Hart and the negro with the dead, Sheriff Townsend and Reese started toward town to secure assistance when they saw coming directly toward them, riding his horse, the man H. H. Moore. The sheriff turned to his deputy and said, "Sam, there comes H. H. Moore, which one of us will kill him? Reese replied, "I've killed one man. I've nothing against Moore. You are the one who has a killing coming to you and if Moore is killed, you will have to do it."

Odd to state but this is true. H. H. Moore kept coming but made no attempt to draw his gun, although he had one on his saddle.

Townsend raised his Winchester, (it was Reese's Winchester) and let Moore have it. Of course, Townsend was exonerated because it was shown that Moore was a killer and had tried to kill the Sheriff on several occasions. Townsend also took the credit for killing Braddock. He explained it would be easier for him to be acquitted and as sheriff of Colorado County it would look better to the public.

Mr. Reese was glad to have him do this, for as he told his wife later, "I hated to kill that young man, Mother. He had such pretty blue eyes and I thought of my own two little fellows at home. But it was his life or Light's, and when I gave him a chance he tried to shoot me. He shot too quick, Mother, but even so he barely missed me."

THE VENGEFUL HOPE

Before Mr. Reese came home, Larkin Hope, who posed as a friend to the Reeses, came to the jail and said to Mrs. Reese, "Well, Keet, Dickson was killed. See how smart Light is? He had Dickson take the lead and also notice this, Light got behind a tree. That gave him a chance. He knew that Same Reese would get there in time to save his hide and sure 'nough he did. I wish Braddock would have shot the hell out of him. I'm going to kill him myself. You know Uncle Light promised me that farm for killing Staffords. Now he refuses to give me a deed. He says I can live on it as long as I like, but I'm not going to leave town. I put Duff Hines, (a half-brother) on that farm and Light ran him off. Marcus did give me what he promised in lawyer fees. Mrs. Reese related this to her husband, but there was nothing that he could do about it except warn Townsend.

OUT TO KILL

Larkin Hope laid plans to get the Sheriff, and would have succeeded if it had not been for the quick work of Sam Reese. Later Hope became angry with Marcus Townsend. He got to thinking that after all he had not received any actual cash from Marcus so he went to him and demanded money. He went right into Marcus' law office, cursed and abused him and was promised some money. Instead, in that same office Marcus began a plan to get rid of Hope.

Chapter IV

MARCUS TOWNSEND AND WALTER REESE

This Marcus Townsend was a scheming man. He called a youth, Walter Reese, who was the son of Sam Reese, into his office and talked about killing Hope. He had made the boy promise not to tell anyone about this conversation. Of course, the boy refused to have anything to do with this dirty work, but he intended keeping his promise as he had been trained that Reese men never broke a promise. Sheriff Reese was in his office in the Court House, which was just across the street from the Marcus Townsend law office. He was standing at the window and heard Mark call his son into his office. Knowing the low quality of this man's mind, and realizing what such an influence could mean to a young boy, Mr. Reese waited until Walter started home, which would be through the Court House Square. As Walter got opposite the Sheriff's office window, his father called, "John," (He always called him by that name because he was named for his father's oldest brother John and for his youngest brother Walter), "Come here!"

Walter entered his father's office and he told his Mother afterwards that he felt as though papa had heard every word that had been spoken. Sheriff Reese said, in that low, gentle, firm voice, which was characteristic of the Reese men, "Son, what did Marcus want with you?" Remembering his promise not to divulge the conversation to his father, Walter answered hesitatingly, "Oh, nothing much papa," Mr. Reese then said, "Now, son, you must tell me exactly what was said. Mark is not a good man and I don't want you to associate with him. You must not go into his office even though he invites you.

Now tell me exactly what he wanted with you, or I'll go over and wring the truth from him." It was then that this young stripling replied, "I promised Cousin Mark not to tell you, but this is what he said." He then related the whole story with his refusing to have anything to do with it. Walter said that except for the blazing fury in his father's eyes he wouldn't have known he was angry. His father sat him down, talked to him calmly and explained the danger of associating with evil-minded people. Also, he explained to him how much more dangerous smart people were than the common herd. He finished with this remark, "One thing, my son, I want you to promise me, and I have a right to ask it, is that no matter what happens, no matter whom it may concern, when matters of this, or any serious nature, come into your life, bring them to me! I am your Father! I will accept all responsibility for my family and for you, my son. I shall not condemn you—I shall try to help and advise you so that there will be no regret in your future life. Is this a fair bargain? Will you promise."

Walter replied, "Papa, I'll never have further conversation with that scoundrel. I will always tell you the truth. But if anything comes up and I see you are about to get hurt, I'll have to use my own judgment. Is that fair, papa?"

Walter said his Father smiled one of those rare understanding smiles, put his arms around him and said, "My boy, you are a man. I'm proud of you and appreciate your confidence and integrity." They shook hands and Mr. Reese drew his son to him and kissed him. That was one of the traditions of the Reese family. Mr. Reese and his sons, even to the day of his death, exchanged embraces and caresses equal with his wife and daughters.

MARCUS GOT TOLD

Sam Reese left the Court House and immediately crossed the street to this lawyer's office where he told Townsend in no uncertain language that if he ever again approached his son with a proposition he would beat hell out of him and clean up his office.

Note: Sam Reese did not threaten to kill Townsend. He

meant to really whip him if he tried any more funny business Marcus tried to apologize by pretending that he was only joking with the boy. Reese merely replied, "Let there be no more such jokes. If I ever hear of you trying to ruin my boy again, set fire to it, I'll come right in here and really beat hell out of you." Later developments proved that from this day on, Marcus Townsend began plotting against Sam Reese.

THE JEALOUS HOPE

Larkin Hope was a man of low principles and instincts. He was consumed with jealousy when Sam Reese was first made deputy and later sheriff of Colorado County. Though he made many protestations of friendship, the envy still burned in his heart.

Mr. Reese was a quiet, peaceful, and fearless man. He repeatedly befriended Hope. In fact, lent him money to pay on his home when his notes came due, and even went on his note for money, and Mrs. Reese paid this note after the death of her husband.

Now Hope had an ungovernable temper which he made no effort to control at home and his wife spent many unhappy hours. One day in greater anger at his son, Dave, he drew a gun and threatened him. Mrs. Reese was there and stepping in front of Hope shamed him. Afterwards, he thanked her for saving him from making a damn fool of himself. At another time, Lillie Reese was in this home when Hope became angry and threatened to slap her down. Quick as a cat this child sprang toward him and with clinched fists said, "I just double dog dare you to. I'm not afraid of you and your old gun." Hope related this to Reese adding that he had no idea of striking the child and meant only to scare her. Reese looked at him steadily and said that no living person, other than his wife and himself, could touch his children. That, of course, his baby was not afraid, but for Hope to never repeat the joke. This ended the visiting of the Reese children with the Hopes.

HOPES SINISTER IDEA OF A JOKE

When Walter Reese was just a teenager he went into a saloon to see a man on business for his father. As he entered he saw Hope at the bar drinking. Hope said, "Come on and have a drink with me, Walter." Walter replied, "No thank you, Larkin, I don't drink." Then Hope turned to Joe Stafford, young son of John Stafford, and said, "Come on, Joe, and drink with me." On receiving this polite rejoinder, "No thank you, Mr. Hope, I don't care for anything," Hope became violently angry and said, "You will drink with me you - - - . I shot your damn daddy and uncle and I intend that you shall drink with me." And he laughed ironically and evilly. Joe was scared and went to the bar to do Hope's bidding. Walter Reese stepped up to Joe and said, "I'd die like a man, and sink into hell before I'd drink with my father's murderer." This made Hope furious but he said, "Walter, you don't come from a race of damn cowards like Joe Stafford did." He then made Joe drink with him. This was the sinister Hope's idea of a joke.

When Walter returned home he immediately told his father and mother about the incident and Mr. Reese said, "I am proud of you John. However, this was not your fight. I was a friend to both the Staffords and the Townsends and always played fair with both factions and only interfered in the line of official business. We Reeses are a proud clan, my son. We fight our own battles. We ask for and give no quarter. No man, whether he be ever so young, should allow physical fear to enter his being. I, and my race of people, and you are of that same blood. We have never known what fear means."

HOPE PLANNED TO GET EVEN

At a later date, Hope and an associate named Smith, planned to get even with this chit of a boy, who had defied him and apparently defended Stafford. During an accidental meeting, the question of bravery came up, and Hope related incidents of people, both white and black, having been scared in the Odd Fellows Cemetery by a certain grave, which he named and described. Walter laughed and said, "How silly.

Nobody could be afraid of the dead." Whereupon Hope replied, "You mean to say that you wouldn't be afraid to go to this cemetery at midnight?" "Certainly not," replied the youth. "What is there to be afraid of?"

Instantly these two men began to bet that he was bluffing. Walter responded, "Put up your money. Name the date and time. I'll be there." All arrangements were made. These bullies quite naturally under-rated the intelligence and ability of this youngster. On the night selected, these men went early to the cemetery, hid in a tree and intended giving Walter the scare of his life. They watched the entrance of the cemetery, never doubting that their victim would come.

After leaving his horse a short distance from the cemetery, Walter came to the grave from another direction and the men failed to see him until he was behind the large monument of the designated grave. One man groaned and the other one groaned and said, "Oh. Oh." The brave youngster immediately opened fire and shooting up the tree exclaimed, "Come down you rats or I'll shoot hell out of you."

He was behind this large monument and the men called loudly, "For God's sake, Walter, don't shoot us," and slid down the tree. The boy kept them covered and asked what this meant. They told him that they were only playing a joke on him. Walter made them walk in front of him until he reached his horse, a fine racing animal, where he left them. I failed to note that he had emptied their guns when they slid down the tree. Later Walter collected the bet.

Now Walter failed to tell his father about this little affair, but Larkin did. He said, "Sam, that's a fine boy of yours and he's not afraid of anything. So Hope recounted the story of the cemetery and Reese thereupon told him to leave his son alone, for if anything should happen to Walter that he would hold Hope accountable. Mrs. Reese frankly admits that her husband was amused and vastly proud of the way his son had acquitted himself and turned the joke on these hardened men.

WHAT THE CHILDREN SAW

One evening right after dusk, Mr. Reese told his young

son, Herbert, to go to town and get some matches. Lillie, the baby always wanted to go wherever her brothers went, and they usually humored her. Walter was the quiet easy one with his family; Herbert was the tease. Mr. Reese said, "Take the baby along with you, Dick' Ooten," and Herbert took his little sister's hand and they left gaily together. They began playing "tag-me" and he was teasing her when suddenly Lillie looked across the street and said, "Look Hub. Behind that tree is a man with a gun." Herbert looked and said in a low voice, "Pretend that you see nothing," and continued to tease in his bantering voice. The matches were purchased and Herbert instructed her saying, "We must act as though we have seen nothing unusual, but I must see if that man is still there. You know it was Larkin Hope and I believe he is laying for papa." Acting upon her brother's instructions, this child ran gleefully and playfully along pretending to tag him so that he could get a better view of the man without arousing his suspicion. They continued playing until they reached the jail where they were then living and Herbert related the above story to his father. Mr. Reese then left the house and slipping up behind Hope, who had his gun in his hand, arrested him and put him in jail. Hope swore that he was not laying for Reese. Then Mr. Reese told him, "If I had wanted to kill you it would have been easy. You were drinking, but you are sober now. If you want to fight; if you have anything against me; if I have ever mistreated you, speak up like a man and we can settle it in any way you suggest." Hope begged Reese to believe him, that he was not laying for him and that Reese had always been a friend to him.

Now Mr. Reese let Hope go and Mrs. Reese said, "Papa that man is mean all the way through." Mr. Reese tried to quiet his wife and remarked, "Mother, you quit worrying about me. I have done no man wrong. Why should they want to kill me?" Mrs. Reese replied, "That is just the reason; they are jealous of you and of your success. Larkin is my cousin but he is a mean, cunning, sneaking scoundrel and you must not believe a word he says." Later events proved Mrs. Reese to be a prophet.

Chapter V

ANOTHER CAMPAIGN LIE NAILED

The following in circular form has been industriously circulated over the county by my opponent and some of his friends. Signed Sam Reese.

The State of Texas:
County of Colorado:

Before me, the undersigned authority personally appeared T. L. Barnard on this 23rd day of July, A. D., 1895, and being duly sworn by me deposes as follows:

I left my father's house in Wharton County on the 18th of June, A.D. 1895, to go to Williamson County, where I lived. On the evening of the 18th day of June, A.D. 1895, I arrived in Columbus, Texas and went immediately to what was then known as Kollman Livery Stable. I rode my horse into the stable and directed that he should be given a little water, and then hitched on the outside of the stable until he had cooled so that he could be fed. After the horse had been watered and hitched on the outside of the stable, Mr. Reese, and another man came into the stable and told me that they had a description of the horse and would like to see the horse. I went with them and showed them the horse, after they finished their inspection of the horse, I asked them if they were satisfied and they said that they were satisfied. I then turned to the stable for the purpose of putting up a pistol that I had upon my person at the time. Mr. Reese came into the stable and asked me if I had a pistol and he told me to give it to him, and at the same time he came up and took the pistol from me and told me that he would have to take me to jail. Mr. Reese then took me to the

Court House where a complaint was made against me before the Justice of the Peace, A. A. Gregory. I asked Mr. Reese to allow me to see a lawyer, but he told me all the lawyers had gone home and that I could not see any of them. That it would not do me any good to see a lawyer for they could not help me and the best thing I could do would be to plead guilty, which I refused to do, but insisted upon the sheriff taking me before a lawyer, which the sheriff refused to do. I proposed to give my horse, bridle and saddle as a bond for my appearance, but the sheriff said that he would not take them as a bond, but if I would plead guilty he would take them to discharge the fine and costs, and that if I did not plead guilty, that he would take me to jail and that I could not get a trial until the 8th day of July. I still refused to plead guilty. The sheriff took me to jail and locked me up until about eight or nine o'clock the same evening, when he came up and asked me if I had decided to plead guilty. Being situated as I was by not being allowed the right of consulting a lawyer, I saw no hope, for I was a stranger in jail in a strange town, and from what the sheriff told me, I knew that I could not get a trial for at least 30 days. I had shown the sheriff and the justice of the peace a letter telling me to come to Williamson County which clearly proved that I was a traveler and had a right to carry arms for my protection, knowing that if I could get a trial that I would be cleared, but rather than stay in jail for twenty days I consented to plead guilty to the charge of carrying a pistol. Thereupon the sheriff conducted me to the office of the justice of the peace, it being about nine o'clock at night, where I pleaded guilty to the charge of carrying a pistol but have since learned that the records of the justice of the peace show a charge against me for rudely displaying a pistol, which last charge is incorrect and wholly untrue. The sheriff told me that the fine and costs amounted to \$60, but that he would let me off for \$55, and told me to give him a bill of sale to my horse and that he would give me ten days in which to redeem the horse, bridle, etc., which I did. Mr. Reese took the horse, bridle, pistol, etc., and I have not seen them since. But I took the first train out of Columbus and continued on my way to Williamson County as best I could. I pleaded

guilty to carrying a pistol not because I was guilty, but did so rather than stay in jail for twenty days for something for which I was not guilty.

T. L. Barnard

L. S. Sworn and subscribed to before me this July 23, 1896.

Carey Shaw, Notary Public

SAM REESE'S ANSWER

This man Barnard I found in Columbus on the 18th day of June, 1895, carrying a pistol and put him in jail about four o'clock, p.m. He asked me when he could get a trial, said he was a traveler and not guilty of carrying a pistol. Informed him that he could not get a trial until the county court met in July. He then insisted on my carrying him at once before the justice of the peace and giving him a chance to explain matters to the justice, with a view of getting off on a plea of displaying a pistol. I carried him before the Justice A. A. Gregory, this not later than five o'clock p.m. He then and there explained his case to the justice, who concluded that perhaps he was a traveler and only guilty of displaying a pistol in the town which latter charge was then made, and to which said Barnard was delighted to plead guilty and settle the matter at once. The justice fined him \$5.00 for displaying a pistol and costs amounting to \$19, and then and there in open court notified him of the total amount of said fine and costs. He said that he had money in Williamson County and would go there at once and send or bring the money and pay said fine and costs and redeem his horse, etc. I did not want to be bothered with his horse and at first declined, but finally to accommodate him, I concluded to let him do so. He told me in presence of the justice and others at the time that if he did not redeem the horse, etc., in ten days, that I could consider it sold to me to pay the said fine and costs and gave me a bill of sale to the property which I now hold.

It has now been about fourteen months and he has never paid or offered to pay said fine and costs, neither have I ever heard from him on the subject. He now turns up with

said affidavit and that is the way he thanks me for courtesies shown him. Somehow it always happens that when an officer catches some fellow at his devilment and rascality, the latter invariably turns up as one of his bitter opponents. That I told him his fine and costs amount to \$55 or \$60, that I persuaded him to plead guilty that I told him that he could not have an attorney or refused to take him to see one, that it was nine o'clock at night when he pleaded guilty, that he pleaded guilty to carrying a pistol and not "displaying" one, and all of his statements about me except as hereinbefore stated, are infamous falsehoods, and he knew they were false when he made the affidavit. I conceive it to be my duty to arrest people I find violating the law and report them for it. It is then for the courts and juries to determine whether they are guilty or not, and I am not chargeable with the result. I must add that I keep especial watch on suspicious looking characters roaming and tramping about the country. While constable, marshal, deputy sheriff, and since I have been sheriff, I have earnestly endeavored to do my whole duty without fear or favor and if elected will continue to do so. In future, as in past, I shall leave no stone unturned to bring to justice the law-breakers of the country, notwithstanding I may be met in election time with their false and malicious affidavits used by those who seek to defeat me. The above facts can be verified by A. A. Gregory and others. My record is always open for honest inspection and criticism.

Sam H. Reese

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1896.

L. S. W. C. Davidson, County Judge, Colorado County, Texas.

News Clippings Kept by Mrs. Sam Reese.

PRETTY GOOD CORN

As a kind of Saturday night's diversion, Officer Reese stepped over the river on the east bridge at eight o'clock and captured three Mexicans who were in the field lifting some of Charley Gaedeke's pretty good corn.

SHERIFF SCHILLING

Tuesday evening, Sheriff Reese received a dispatch from Deputy Sheriff Schilling of El Campo saying that three men had been killed in that vicinity and asked the sheriff to meet him at George Williams's house. Sheriff Reese left at 3:30 Tuesday afternoon accompanied by W. E. Bridge.

CROCKETT FAMILY

Sheriff Reese of this county is entitled to a great deal of credit for his good work in apprehending the murderers of the Crockett family in Wharton County. Sam does not brag a great deal about his labors but he generally gets there just the same.

WOOLSEY'S STORE BURNED

Nelson Malore, a negro, was arrested Thursday by Sheriff Sam Reese at Oakland for supposed complicity in the burning of Mr. Woolsey's store. He waived examination yesterday and is now confined in jail in default of bail. Some startling developments are expected with regard to this case.

NO ACCIDENT

The negro Jim Gregg, who was reported last Monday to have fallen from a wagon accidentally, thereby breaking his neck turns out to have been killed on the Seymour plantation by one McClachy. It seems that Gregg, McClachy, Gibbs, and Robinson, all negroes, were playing cards in a wagon and that from some cause the first named fell out about the game, and that McClachy picked up a coupling pin, struck Gregg with it and killed him. The others in the game kept the matter quiet and reported Gregg had fallen from the wagon and broke his neck. Sheriff Reese was absent at the time at Oakland, but on returning home investigated the matter and found a witness who saw Gregg killed by McClachy as stated above, arrested McClachy and put him in jail. The sheriff deserves credit for his good work. Justice Gregory commenced a coroner's inquest Monday, was not

satisfied with the story of Gregg's death and has not returned a verdict but it will probably not materially differ from the above.

SHERIFF REESE'S DETECTIVE WORK

Mrs. Annie (Marcus) Townsend of this city is indebted to Sheriff Reese for a very neat piece of detective work whereby a cherished souvenir of school days was restored. About twelve years ago she lost a gold medal awarded her for proficiency in music and believed that the cook had purloined it. Learning these facts the sheriff went to the negro woman's house the other day and fished out from the bottom of a trunk the long lost and highly prized medal.

HORSE THIEF CAPTURED

February 23rd.

Sheriff Sam H. Reese returned today from Waller County having in charge Harry Holman, charged with the theft of a horse from W. A. Johnson. The horse was stolen at Borden in this county on the night of February 3, and Mr. Reese was notified of the facts the next day and got promptly to work to locate the supposed thief. Holman was in Eagle Lake bottom near Wharton County line but fled and was pursued and overtaken in Waller County near Fulshear after a chase of about four days.

WHARTON COUNTY TRAGEDY

Late particulars as to the Wharton County tragedy state that six of the twelve men arrested for the crime have been released as there was no evidence against any of them. The other six are held and the examining trial is now in progress. Two of the men have turned state's evidence. From the evidence adduced at the examining trial it would seem that there were six men implicated in the murder. Much credit is due Sheriff Richy of Wharton County and Sheriff Reese of this county for their indefatigable efforts in bringing the guilty parties to justice as it was only through their united

efforts that the assassins were tracked down. All honor to Richy and Reese.

These are a few samples of the many clippings cut out and preserved by Mrs. Sam Reese who adored her husband, Sam Houston Reese.

IT COULD ONLY HAVE HAPPENED IN COLUMBUS

Commenting upon our reminiscences of early Columbus times, Mayor Zumwalt asks our readers if they can recall the incident that once occurred here as it could have occurred at no other town in Texas. A man robbed a store in this city, Traylor's Store, and escaped to the river north of town where he commandeered a row boat belonging to a Mr. Schuetter, making his get away.

After rowing some 15 or 16 miles down the river he came to another town which he supposed to be Wharton. At the edge of town he was accosted and called to the shore where Sheriff Reese took him into custody at the eastern boundary of the town he had left a couple of hours previously. Columbus Citizen.

Chapter VI

THE FEUDING TOWN OF COLUMBUS, TEXAS

There is a little town located on the banks of the Colorado River. It was once called "The Cowboy's Delight." Later it was labeled "The County Seat" which it really is. Then it received the insignia "The Town of Aristocracy" and "The Town Beautiful." Beginning in 1899 it received the appropriate appellation of "Hell's Half Acre" which it retained for many years. Some of the old timers refer to it by this title and many well-read strangers, especially those from the East and North, remember this title and will only drive through the town during the light of day.

In front of the old "Live Oak Hotel," now known as the Mayes Hotel, stands a large stately live oak tree. It was under these branches that the first session of court was held and this particular site continues to be known as The First Court House in Colorado County.

It was July 7, 1890, that the Colorado County Court House now standing in all its glory, was the scene of much excitement. I refer to the Laying of the Corner Stone which was truly a great day in this little City of Oaks, another name for Columbus.

There was for many years in the northern part of Columbus a picnic or festival ground which was called The Grove because of its many magnificent trees. Paramount and towering over the lesser type of trees were giant Live Oaks and travelers from the far East, North, South, and West would come to view them. All the 4th of July, May Fest and like affairs were given at the grove. The few mob hangings of this city have also been on the limb of some large oak at this grove.

Lovers of the town and surrounding communities made a point of driving through the Grove. Kid parties and picnics, both public and private, were held at this place and baseball games were played. It was the one place that friend and enemy will admit holds a certain charm and sentiment for the most gentle lady or thoroughly hardened criminal. More power then, for God's gift to man. It exemplifies the truth of the famous lyric, "Poems are made by fools like me but only God can make a tree."

THE SAM REESE HOME

Aside from the magnificent live oak trees surrounding Columbus, housewives took a personal pride in their flower yards and gardens. Among the most beautifully planned flower yards which adjoined a well-kept garden was that of Mrs. Sam Reese. Her husband retained a well-organized retinue of servants and one of these was assigned to the gardening and growing of lovely flowers. Also, in her garden Mrs. Reese grew the finest varieties of peaches, plums, figs, etc., and several kinds of nut trees.

On one of their river bottom farms the Reese's grew pecans in abundance, not only for their family but also for their friends and relatives. It was an unheard of thing for these kindly disposed people to accept remuneration for things they grew in either their garden or fields. Neighbors and friends were welcome to share in the products that were grown. This was considered neighborly and out of the generosity of their hearts, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Reese wanted to share with others. Into this atmosphere of peace and happiness the demon of jealousy and envy entered and nothing but the sight and smell of blood would suffice these killers who plotted the assassination of that fine gentleman, Sam Houston Reese.

SAM REESE WAS A FAMILY MAN

When Sam Reese arrived home in the evening from his office or farms, he always made a rite of embracing and kissing his wife first, then he would kiss each of his five child-

ren, who adored him. He would then play some game with them for a few minutes. He always wanted every child to be home when he came and Mrs. Reese usually saw that his wish was gratified. Whenever it was possible, Mrs. Reese and her husband would join together in playing games with the children and this would be a real treat and pleasure for the youngsters and this tended to make a very happy family life as there were two boys and three girls, Nuddie Ela, John Walter, Spencer Herbert, Keron Virginia, and Lilian Estelle.

Mrs. Reese had a beautiful clear soprano voice and she was a lovely dancer. Mr. Reese had a nice tenor voice and played the violin, while all the children could sing and play some instrument. Mr. Reese would often play on his old Stainer violin, which had been in the Reese family for over 200 years, excerpts from some opera for the children and Mrs. Reese would sing in a clear pure soprano that would thrill the children.

Sometimes Mrs. Reese would demonstrate such intricate dance numbers as the Highland Fling, Schottische, Lancers, Quadrille, Polka, Mazurka, Waltz, and the Virginia Reel, etc., to the music of her husband's violin. At this time the family was indeed happy and content to be together and were always looking forward to another concert of this nature.

THE SWIMMING LESSON

Sam Reese was an excellent swimmer. In fact he knew all the strokes, high dives, etc., and was of the opinion that everyone should learn to swim. Consequently when his two sons were very small he told his wife that he would soon be taking them to the river as he planned that they should also be excellent swimmers. However, it is difficult for an officer to find a great deal of time for the things he may wish to do. Finally, Mr. Reese took the bull by the horns and told the two boys "today is the day." Mrs. Reese had her suspicions about that water stuff, but she kept silent and waited for a report. She watched the proud father take each little son by the hand and walk gaily toward the river, there were no swimming pools in Columbus, but she had observed the startled looks in her bairns' eyes, also mischief,

and she wondered if there was not a surprise in store for her husband.

The trio returned in high glee and after partaking of a hearty supper and playing a few games the children were ready for bed. Now the parents were alone in their room and Mr. Reese said, "Mother, those little rascals already knew how to swim. Why they are regular little fish. You know I took them down to the bank, explained the rudiments of swimming, took them carefully into the water and showed them the foot work, dog paddling and swimmers stroke. They listened so carefully never saying a word, and then I asked if they understood. They replied, "Yes sir, we think that we do," just like that. I carefully watched every little movement. Suddenly like two star fish they leaped into the stream in a head dive. I went into the same dive and they came up laughing and saying 'Papa, did we learn quick enough?' " I answered, "Where and when did you learn?" We've been swimming a long time, papa. You kept promising to teach us the first day you had free. The big boys took us to the river to watch them and then asked us if we would like to learn to swim. Of course, we did, so they taught us." I asked, "Did they tell you all the things that I have told you?" "Oh no sir. They threw us in and said swim or sink and swam by our sides until we did. The rest was easy."

THE BULLY

Late one evening when Herbert was in town some men engaged him in the usual sport of teasing. A man by the name of Waugh became very cross with this youngster because of the quick and clever retorts to his imagined witticisms.

The gathering of men howled with glee when Herbert made an extra good retort which angered Waugh even more. He promptly slapped the little fellow's cheek and Herbert struck back with his small fists, then said, "You just wait till I tell my papa. I'm too little to whip you but my papa will surely dress you off when he finds you."

Herbert left the scene in a towering rage and fortunately met his father a short distance from the scene of trouble.

He rushed up to Mr. Reese and said, "Papa, I was teasing with a bunch of men just now and Mr. Waugh got mad and slapped me." Mr. Reese answered in a quiet, even tone, "Where is he, son?"

Then the two of them revisited the scene of action. Herbert afterwards proudly stated, "You should have seen my papa. He walked right up to this bully and said, 'I hear that you are a fighter? Did you slap my small son?'" The man replied, "Oh, Mr. Reese I don't want any trouble. I didn't mean any harm." Papa said, "You should have thought of that first. No man living except myself, has the right to strike a child of mine." And with that remark Mr. Reese promptly boxed the man's jaws.

Of course, there was no fight because the cowardly skunk refused to fight. After slapping him around a bit, Mr. Reese remarked, "It has always been my experience and observation that men who fight women and children will seldom fight men. It would be too much like spanking one of my own children to deal more harshly with you. But let this be a warning to you and your kind, keep your hands off my children. The next time I'll not be so lenient."

RIFLE PRACTICE

When Lillie Reese was a small child her brother Herbert, with a much older visiting cousin, who was a nephew of Mrs. Reese, disregarded instructions about rifle practicing. With the care of her many guests in the home, Mrs. Reese failed to hear the explosion of the small .22 caliber rifle, so imagine her distress when she learned that her baby child had been shot.

It happened in this wise: While the boys were engaged in target practice, Lillie had gone into the back room of the servant's quarters to play dolls. As she turned toward the west door a bullet struck her above the eye and she let out a yell.

Strange to relate but nevertheless true, her brother Herbert was the first person to reach her. He carried her into the house, raced out to the stable, jumped on his horse and fairly flew for Dr. Jim Byars. The family was frantic but it de-

veloped that the bullet was so well spent, having travelled through two doors, that except for a little loss of blood and a scar which the child would out-grow, there was no material damage done.

One amusing incident occurred during this hectic period. Returning from the doctor's office, Herbert met some ladies carrying flowers who stopped him in order to condole with him and they added, "We are sorry that Lillie is dead. We are taking these flowers for her casket." Herbert looked at them with real horror and exclaimed in anguished tone, "My little sister is not dead. She is not going to die either." At a later date the ladies with much amusement, related this incident to Mrs. Reese.

DEAD DOLL

Now Lillie Reese had a very vivid imagination and she especially enjoyed doll funerals. She would actually chop off the heads of her dolls and request her brother Herbert to recite the last rites of the departed. These older brothers who spoiled her would go through all the forms of obsequies. Herbert was a marvelous impersonator and he would act the part of the minister and the neighborhood children would serve as mourners. It must have been very amusing for the other children who enjoyed these affairs to the limit. However, none of them wanted to furnish the victims and at long last Lillie desisted.

RESPECT FOR OLD AGE

Herbert Reese was a cute little shaver and a natural born dancer. Witty, bright, and clever from babyhood he was beloved by all who knew him. Mrs. Reese says that when Herbert was a very small boy, friends of theirs, (grown men) would come by her home and just reach down and pick him up and put him on their horse and take him to town where he would entertain them with his dancing and even join in teasing with the men. Odd that mature men would enjoy this sport, but it is a fact that it was done repeatedly, much to the chagrin of Herbert's mother, who was not at all in approval of so much attention bestowed upon her small son.

One day she was a little cross upon finding her son away and decided to do something about the matter. What was her surprise when one of Mr. Reese's friends came in with Herbert laughing heartily. He said that as usual the men placed Herbert upon the counter in the Woolsey Store and he was going through with his dancing routine, when without any apparent reason he suddenly stopped dead still. They hastily called to him, "What's the matter Hub? Why don't you dance some more?" The little fellow sat down quite primly and replied, "Oh, no. Here's Grandpa Woolsey. I cannot dance before Grandpa. He is a good Christian." This fine old man was no relation of Herbert's but his little ears had evidently been open when people discussed the old Methodist gentleman's views on dancing.

It was this little fellow with his attractive sister Sadie, who were in constant demand as entertainers. Whenever they would go through their dance numbers people would exclaim, "They looke like dolls." Mrs. Reese would relate these stories about her children with the pride of mother worship shining in her deep blue eyes.

THE GOAT

Herbert Reese was the neighborhood idol. He owned a pet goat and at a given signal from him, Billy would deliberately turn the cart over and the youngsters riding therein would get quite a spill and squeal with delight.

Funny thing about children. Why they would almost come to blows to get a ride in the goat cart, knowing all the time what to expect. The same thing with Herbert's dog. He would with no apparent effort motion to his dog and the animal would walk right up to any specified child and playfully turn him over. Herbert's horses would follow him all over the lot, even leaving their food to tag along with him and the servants would vie with each other for a chance to do things for him.

LONG PANTS

The most wonderful event of his life had just happened! Walter Reese had reached the age where custom demanded

long pants for boys who reached the age of twelve or thirteen years. You can imagine his elation when Mr. Reese casually remarked, "John, we must go shopping today. You are going to be introduced to some new length trousers. So come along, son, and we will see what we can find."

Off they went, the proud father and his happy son, and after inspecting suits at several stores decided on a navy blue at Seftenberg's Store. Two pairs of trousers were purchased at the Steiner and such little things as ties, shirts, etc., were added to the array. Thrilled! Hardly the word for this boy's sense of his new manhood. After returning home and having his mother tell him how wonderful he looked, Walter decided to go to town and look up some of the boys. As he approached the building of Mrs. Brunson's home, her cook Emma, who had known the Reese children all their lives, emerged from the place. She was very properly impressed and exclaimed, "Why, Walter, you look just like a man."

Feeling the burden of his years, Walter drew himself up to his full height and replied, "Emma, from right now on you must call me Mr. Walter. You see I have on long pants." "But" Emma expostulated, "I've known you all your life." Walter was adamant, "Emma you must say Mister or do not address me at all." "Emma, I am wearing long pants." So Emma acceded to his wishes and on her way home stopped by and with chuckles of delight related the story to Mrs. Reese.

THE BELOVED SPENCE

Spence (Spencer Burton) was the eldest child of Mrs. Gus Clements who was a sister to Mrs. Sam Reese. Because of his good disposition and polite manners, Spence became a favorite with his Uncle Sam and Aunt Keet. His brother Jim, was the opposite of Spence in every way and appeared to be of a jealous and resentful disposition and seemed to almost hate his brother Spence, whom he continually picked on. When Jim would start a fight, Spence would run away from him as he did not want to fight with his brother. No one seemed to control or quiet Jim except Mr. Reese who would go to the Clements home when sent for, take the knife

or stick away from Jim and sternly reprimand him. He would then take Spence home with him where the boy stayed practically all the time.

One day the children came to the Reese home crying, "Hurry Uncle Sam, Jim is going to kill Spence." Jumping on his horse and going rapidly, Mr. Reese got to the Clements home in time to save a bad moment. He was astonished to see Spence standing his ground and hearing the mild-tempered Spence say, "I've run for my last time. If you come any nearer we must fight it out." Mr. Reese caught Jim and took the knife away from him and Spence went home with his uncle and from that day henceforth, Spence continued to live with his Aunt Keet and Uncle Sam.

When the Reese family moved from Oakland to Columbus, Spence went with them and he was loved with the same devotion that Mr. and Mrs. Reese lavished on their own children. When he was twenty-three years of age he was stricken with pneumonia. He called repeatedly for his Uncle Sam who was out of town on official business, and just before he died he said, "Aunt Keet, tell Uncle Sam not to trust Cousin Light Townsend and tell him that Marcus Townsend is a traitor."

The Reeses thought this was the imagination of a sick mind, but later developments proved that this young nephew who so worshiped his Uncle Sam, must have had a premonition or a vision of the evil that would befall the Reese family.

Mr. Reese bore all expenses of the illness, death, and burial of his beloved nephew and had him buried in his Grandmother Townsend's lot in the Weimar Cemetery.

At the close of this sad chapter in the life of the nephew whom she loved equal with her own two sons, Mrs. Reese with tears misting her deep blue eyes would say, "And may God rest his dear soul for he was the same as a son to us and we loved him dearly."

To illustrate the devotion of her husband for Spence, Mrs. Reese said that one time he remarked to her, "Mother, if God were to ask me which one of the boys Spence, John Walter or Herbert should be taken, I would have to say, 'I can't choose dear God, for I love them equally.'" Therefore, when Spence died, Mr. Reese was heart-broken. He missed

him constantly as they were companions and often played the violin together. Mr. Reese had bought Spence a violin and taught him to play. After his death, Mr. Reese gave the violin to Gus Clements, thinking that one of the other boys would try to play it, but Mrs. Reese said, "I guess old Gus sold it for a drink or a bag of tobacco."

After the tragedy of murder had invaded the Reese family, Mrs. Reese remarked, "I wonder what Spence would think?" Her son Walter quickly replied, "Mamma, it is better that he did not live to know about our trouble. You know that he would have stayed with us to the finish and it would be an awful thing to be at enmity with your own brothers."

KINFOLKS

In the Sam Reese home there were many relatives who would make visits of extended length with or without invitation. They were always welcomed and treated kindly, given many privileges and gracious hospitality. Mrs. Reese had many relatives who took advantage of her generosity and while some of them remained loyal and grateful, there were others who became jealous of the prosperity and happiness of Mr. Reese and his devoted wife and in later years repaid them with gross ingratitude. To be more explicit, they were among the band of assassins who murdered Mr. Reese.

NONIE DUDLEY CAMPBELL

There is a little woman living in San Antonio, name of Mrs. J. E. Campbell who told this story of her early youth. "One time when I had visited with Uncle Sam and Aunt Keet for several months and had been treated equal with their children in kindness and consideration, I was making preparations to go to my home in La Grange, Uncle Sam called me to him and said, 'Nonie, I am sorry to see you go home. You are a nice girl.'" Placing me on his knee he patted my cheek and continued: "Nonie, you have made your Aunt Keet very happy by your nice behavior and manners and I want you to know that I appreciate it. You see, Nonie, some of your Aunt Keet's kinfolks do not behave so

well when they visit with us, and it makes her very unhappy and, of course, I feel badly because of her unhappiness. Now when you reach your home in La Grange, you tell Sister Mollie that she can feel proud of you. Tell her that your Uncle Sam said that she certainly has two nice girls."

Mrs. Campbell and her sister Louanna are nieces of Mrs. Reese as their mother, Mrs. Dudley, was Mrs. Reese's sister. Despite the many years that have elapsed, Mrs. Campbell says the advice and good council still stays with her and even now she employs this story in an endeavor to impress her grand daughter with the vital importance of good behaviour and sound morals. Also, to make her realize that the fine people of Texas and America do appreciate such qualities of character in the youth of today.

ACCIDENTAL MEETING AT THE DEPOT IN COLUMBUS

At another time Mrs. Campbell says that she came into Columbus on the old La Grange Tap and Uncle Sam just happened to be at the depot. I went running to him and called out delightedly, "Hello, Uncle Sam." He kissed me, then held me off at a little distance and with twinkling eyes asked, "Now honey, which one of the nieces is this?" I answered quickly, "It is Nonie, Uncle Sam." He smiled so nice and sweet and said, "Why bless your little heart. I am so glad to see you. Come and get in the buggy and we will go right home. Your Aunt Keet isn't home right now but when she returns this afternoon she will be so glad to see you." He collected my small baggage and then had a negro man put it in the buggy and when we reached home, which took only a few minutes, Uncle Sam said, "Now honey, make yourself at home. Your Aunt Keet will be in presently and won't she be pleased to see you. I want you to know, Nonie, that we are happy to have you visit with us. Stay just as long as you like and if you need anything, just tell your Aunt Keet and she will provide it." Mrs. Campbell says that this man is the only person who was so kind and gracious to her and that she does not know what her family would have done without the financial assistance of her Uncle Sam and

Aunt Keet. Mrs. Campbell also adds that those visits in the Reese home were the only high lights that came into the lives of herself, her sister, and brothers, and she continues with, "We have these two noble characters to thank for our future well doing, because they set such a high standard of living that even when we were confronted with unhappiness and temptations we were able to withstand them. I for one am sincerely grateful and will always continue to love the memory of this truly great, good and generous gentleman and his charming wife."

WILL KOLB

Will Kolb was a nephew of the Hope brothers but a very nice boy. In the year 1937 when he was in Austin attending the Spanish War Veterans Convention, he came to visit with Mrs. Reese who was his third cousin. It was during this little visit that he related several amusing incidents of his young manhood. He remarked, "Cousin Keet, I shall always remember how happy your family was and how you watched over us young people. I recall distinctly that one of my cousins, a niece of yours, was visiting in your home. Of course, I was there constantly and soon liked this cousin very much. One day she suggested a kissing game. We were sitting on one of those large window sills and smacking away when suddenly you were right there in front of us and said, "Well! What is this? What do you mean by this behavior? Now, Will, you must go right home and do not come back until you know how to properly conduct yourself.'" "Then you took me off in another part of the house and gave me a real scolding. You explained the danger of even the appearance of evil and sent me on my way repenting of my sins. The next day I was right back and you said, 'Will, do you think you know how to behave now?' I assured you that I did and would never commit another offense of that nature. You never referred to the occasion again and everything was as smooth as butter."

ADVICE

This same Will Kolb asked, "Cousin Keet, do you remember the time I came to you and related the affectionate attitude of a young lady I was going with?" Mrs. Reese smiled and nodded her head. "I well remember what you said," continued Mr. Kolb, "as I concluded my confidence you looked me straight in the eye and said, 'Will do you intend to marry this girl?'" I answered, "No, Cousin Keet, but—. You interrupted me with this stern advice, 'Will, you had better stop right now. I know the father of that girl. He is a fine gentleman and he will kill you if he ever hears about this affair. Unless you intend marrying the girl, you had better stop while you can.' And I did that very thing Cousin Keet, and I have always been grateful to you for your interest and advice. It was through your carefulness and watchfulness that I was given much sound advice and several severe scoldings. It has helped me to rear by own children, for I have used some of your clever tactics with them. I surely thank you. Now Cousin Keet, I don't want to brag, but I have some fine children and some fine grandchildren."

Chapter VII

LARKIN HOPE KILLED

It was a hot summer night this July 23rd, 1898. The little town of Columbus was quiet and there were but few people on the streets. Suddenly there was a loud report of a gun and the news spread that Larkin Hope, nemesis of the Staffords, was slain. Further reports were to the effect that as Hope walked down the main thoroughfare on the sidewalk of Milam Street, a man stepped out from a narrow space between two buildings and emptied two loads of buck-shot into him. It was about nine o'clock at night and no one saw the person who committed the deed. Sheriff Reese with Bob Walker had gone out to the colored part of town at the time, having been called to stop a disturbance. Although Hope was an infidel, it is said that he kept saying, "I'm looking into hell," until death stilled his utterances. A young man by the name of James Coleman was arrested and put in jail by Sheriff Reese. He was indicted but later acquitted.

POLITICAL MERCHANDISE

Marcus Townsend, the slicker, used the above incident by insinuating that Hope was killed to thwart his political ambition to become sheriff. The Townsend faction made political fodder of this and although the very best people of Colorado County disbelieved these sly, cunning, malicious lies, Reese was defeated at the polls and Marcus Townsend's brother-in-law, Will Burford, was elected by a small majority, which was questionable at the time. The negro vote threw the election in favor of Burford. It was July 7, 1890

that the Staffords were murdered and by a coincidence, Hope was also killed in the month of July, 1898.

TEN WERE CLEANSED BUT ONLY ONE RETURNED

When Light Townsend lay dying he asked his family to never forget Sam Reese because had it not been for him, that he, Light Townsend, could not have died a natural death.

The following letter after the Hope killing was written by Bee Stephenson, who was a son-in-law of the late Light Townsend.

W. M. Stephenson, Proprietor Aurora Garden
Waco, Texas
August 18, 1898

Sam H. Reese
Columbus
Dear Sam:

I wish to assure you that I feel that you are innocent of the unjust charge brought against you. No doubt you are being unjustly treated by many whom you supposed were your friends. Of course, I regret to hear of Larkin's death and think that you and others ought and will do all you can to convict the guilty one.

With respect, I remain, Very truly
Bee Stephenson

Chapter VIII

THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1897

It was Thursday. According to an established custom Mr. Reese kissed his wife and children goodby on leaving his home for an inspection of his farms.

How little did he or his devoted wife and family realize it was the last time! That the next time they would see their father and husband would be when he was clasped in the bosom of death and that the cold grave would receive all that was mortal of that being whom they not only loved but idolized and idealized.

How eerie it would have sounded for one to have prophesied that this happy family would soon be thrown into the throes of tragedy, stark tragedy; which would continue to darken their door and threaten their lives so long as any of these foul murderers live! How vividly will that scene remain in the minds of the entire family! There will be no relief of forgetfulness until death gives a surcease from all such knowledge! Their only hope has been in the Holy One who died that we might be saved and a reunion through His divine grace of the SAM REESE FAMILY.

ASSASSINATION OF SAM HOUSTON REESE

The true story of the foul murder of Sam Houston Reese has never been told. The Reese family pride kept them from either denying or affirming the rumors and lies printed about the case.

On Thursday, March 16, 1899, at five o'clock late afternoon, Sam Reese, as was his custom after inspecting his

farms and cattle, rode his fine saddle horse "Ike" down main street and dismounted in front of what was then the old Brunson Saloon. Mr. Reese was a man of regular habits and it was his practice to stop on this side of the street, tie his horse in the shade, and cross over to the Perkins Barber Shop where for years he had received tonsorial services. As he started to tie the reins of his horse to the post, Will Clements, a nephew of Mrs. Reese, for whom Mr. Reese had provided for many years, stepped up and said something in a threatening manner. Mr. Reese was heard to have replied, "I want no more of this," and turned his head slightly as Marian Hope said from the other side, "Who's afraid of you," and at the same instant Will Clements fired his pistol and ran into a nearby store. As he ran, Marcus Townsend, a cousin of Mrs. Reese, slipped from his place of concealment and Mr. Reese was shot in the back of his neck. The bullet, according to Doctor Harrison, Sr., cut the jugular vein and slanting down through the chest in the region of the heart and coming out under the left shoulder. It was this bullet that caused the actual death of Mr. Reese, yet the bullet fired by Will Clements grazed his forehead and blinded Mr. Reese so that the only thing he saw, according to Dr. Harrison, was the fleeing figure of Clements. Therefore, the steadiness of this great and good man's aim, the absolute courage and true marksmanship of Mr. Reese was proven when all five bullets from his gun struck the small iron post which was between him and the fleeing Clements.

JOHN WALTER REESE

It is further true that Walter Reese, the 18-year-old son of Mr. Reese, a mere stripling of a boy, was in Kirby's ice cream parlor, which was right across the street from the shooting, came running out of the store when he heard the shooting and running toward his father shouted, "Look out papa, they are trying to kill you! I'm coming, papa!" By this time he was in the middle of the street in a hail of bullets. It is further sworn that this young boy was unarmed and in his shirt sleeves and that the many persons engaged in this one sided duel (?) numbered at least fifteen

men. That Marian Hope kept crying out, "Kill the damn boy! Kill the boy!"

When Walter reached his father's side he reached for the gun, removing same from his father's hand and cursing Hope, aimed to kill him. It is also true that Hope ran like a turkey, but as the Reese weapon had no shells in its magazine, it was of no service to the boy.

Sam Reese eased himself down and Walter took his father's head in his arms and cradling it on his small bosom said, "Papa, I'll do my best to get the man who shot you."

After Marian Hope saw that the gun was useless, he started running toward the boy and started shooting as he ran. Bob Walker grappled with him and as Walker was a strong man, kept him from shooting. It is a consolation to the Reese family to know that Walter risked his life in an effort to help his father, and that his precious father died in his arms. Mrs. Reese kept and treasured for years the handkerchief with which her son Walter wiped the blood from the brow of his dying father.

It is a miracle and an act of Providence that with at least fifteen men shooting at him, no bullet even grazed the flesh of this brave young boy. However, his shirt received several bullet holes. In this war of bullets, a German farmer by the name of Boehme was accidentally killed, leaving a wife and several children. The small son of Henry Williams was also accidentally shot in the leg by a .38 caliber pistol, inflicting a dangerous wound. Mr. Reese used a Colt's .45 and every one of his five bullets were accounted for.

KILL THE DAMN WOMAN

By this time there was wild excitement and when Mrs. Reese, accompanied by her youngest child, Lillian, was approaching the scene of murder, the sheriff, Will Burford, who was drinking heavily called out "Kill the damn woman."

A deputy by name of Westmoreland grabbed the gun and said, "Don't be a fool. You can't shoot a woman." By this time Mrs. Reese had reached the scene of this foul murder and her grief was terrible to behold for she idolized her husband, as did his five children. As she reached the dead

body of her beloved husband, the sheriff, who was a brother-in-law of Marcus Townsend, and who had been shooting from his place of concealment, again said something insulting and laughed in her face.

HERBERT REESE

Herbert, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Reese, was returning from the Reese river bottom farm when someone told him his father had just been killed. He was unarmed, being a very young boy, but he struck his horse with the crop and raced him to the place where all that remained mortal of his beloved father lay. As he dismounted, a deputy sheriff, A. P. Wooldridge, leveled his gun on him and Herbert jerked his coat open and said, "Shoot, you - - - - -. Kill me if you want to. You've killed all I have anyway." This either shamed the man or his show of bravery failed him for he let the boy pass. These are the two sons of whom Sam Reese, living or dead may well be pleased with and proud of. They never knew what fear meant.

POLITICAL JEALOUSIES

Now this dastardly murder was the result of much plotting and intriguing and political jealousies were at the root of much of it. Now let us reason. Marcus Townsend was a lawyer whose office was several blocks distant, yet he was there hidden and armed with a .38 caliber pistol. Then there was Marian Hope, who was a small grocer. His store was located on another street several blocks from this scene. He was there at the killing, hidden and armed. The other men were more or less paid killers and deputies of the sheriff, Will Burford, and who were firing from places of concealment.

If it will make the enemy happy—if they will derive any pleasure of this knowledge, let us say right here and now that when those fiends betrayed Sam Reese and foully murdered him, they committed six unknown murders. The wife and her five children apparently survived, but with their hearts crushed and their souls seared with the injustices of life.

The irony of this murder is that Mr. and Mrs. Sam Reese had for many years given of their means to the comfort and necessities of life to the Clements, who were nephews of Mrs. Reese, and to the family of one of her brothers Jim (J. G.) Townsend who was also involved.

HERITAGE

To his five young children or any later descendants, Sam Reese left a heritage of honesty, bravery, fearlessness, integrity, honor, and love for his wife, his children and the true heritage of a Christian faith.

Chapter IX

THE SCOTT TALE

The tale that Marcus Townsend told about the Reese murder was, of course, pure fiction. Townsend was a sleek, clever, cunning, double-crosser who availed himself of an incident appertaining to a man named Scott to fabricate the entire yarn.

One day this man Scott, an itinerant in town, was being mistreated and man-handled by Clements and Hope when Sam Reese strode up and put a stop to the whole procedure. It was a characteristic of Mr. Reese, and one handed to his sons, that to mistreat a man over whom you had an advantage was a cowardly act. Consequently, when he saw these men dealing harshly with Scott, whom he scarcely knew, he put a stop to it. At that time those men were afraid to do what, no doubt, they had planned—shoot Reese when he approached. They realized that Mr. Reese was on the alert and that any overt act of theirs would not go unpunished and being natural cowards at heart they bided their time until a more desirable season.

BILL MILLER

Bill Miller, a good citizen of Columbus, and a friend of the Reese family, witnessed the dastardly murder of Sam Reese. He came to the Reese home at night and told them exactly what he saw, but he was afraid to testify as without doubt he would have been murdered. As a true friend he related the whole story but explained his position and the Reeses agreed that he was right and should not jeopardize

his life unnecessarily. He said that Mr. Reese was in the act of hitching his horse when fired upon. That Marcus Townsend came from his place of concealment in a doorway and fired at Mr. Reese from the back. That a number of men, and he called by name, Marian Hope, Will Clements, A. P. Woolridge, and others were also shooting, although Mr. Reese was mortally wounded. He further stated that he heard the cries of "Kill the damn Boy," and that he saw them firing to kill the flying figure of Walter who was approaching his father. He then related how he saw the boy take his father's pistol and daringly, deliberately aim it at Marian Hope, who ran into the arms of Bob Walker who held him. He also told the Reeses that Marcus Townsend sent for him and that as he entered the house, Marcus met him with the .38 pistol in his hands which were shaking terribly.

Of course, Miller was scared. He could not know what was going to happen to him. Therefore, when Townsend told him that he knew he had witnessed the killing, he did not deny it. Then Townsend said, "If you try to testify you will never live to enter that court room. What you know you keep, if you want to live." No wonder Lawyer Munson called Marcus Townsend the czar of murderers!

WALTER NEAL

Walter Neal, another good friend of Sam Reese, also saw and told the Reeses practically the same story. While he was threatened by the enemy, he came down to the Reese home and offered to go to court and testify, but the Reeses saw no need of this fine courageous man getting into trouble so these testimonies were never given.

WILL PAULSEN

In the year of 1941, when Mrs. Sam Reese and her daughter, Miss Lillian Reese, returned to Columbus after living for a period of about 22 years in Austin, Will Paulsen was given the job of plumbing the entire house which was being renovated. One morning as she was passing the kitchen, Will called to her and said, "Lillie, there is some-

thing I have wanted to tell you for a long time." "Well, what's keeping you?" was the merry reply.

Will said, "You think that you Reeses hate Marcus Townsend, but I can tell you this, you can't hate him as bad as the Burfords do." At her look of astonishment he continued: "They claim that Townsend ruined their father, W. T. Burford, and if it had not been for Townsend, Arthur would still be alive. They further say that Burford was a well-to-do farmer, a good Methodist, and had never been in any trouble until Townsend had him enter the sheriff's race. And from that time on there was nothing but trouble."

Waiting for no reply Will continued: "Lillie, do you know why I thought so much of your brothers?" She answered, "I didn't know all of their friends, you know." Will smiled and related this incident. "As you must know, I was a very poor boy. My mother, a widow, did the best she could for us but my pants were usually considerably patched. There were a group of boys who called me 'patches,' and one day when they were tormenting me worse than usual, Walter and Hub stepped over to me, one on each side, and removing their coats said, 'All right boys either leave this boy alone or come on and fight it out with us.' After that day I was never accosted again."

"Hub asked me later why I had not whipped hell out of these boys. Now the strange thing about this matter, Lillie was that your brothers defied a group of their own friends for someone whom they scarcely knew. And now after all these years have passed I want to tell you something that I have kept a secret. I saw your father murdered. I heard Walter calling, 'Look out papa, they are trying to kill you.' I saw Will Clements shoot and run. I saw Marcus Townsend come from out of his place of concealment and shoot. I saw Bob Walker holding Hope, I saw your mother and you running to where Mr. Reese was lying and Walter holding his head. I saw Herbert jerk his coat and curse Woolridge who was aiming a shotgun on him. Then I saw all four of you and I was only a boy and could not help defend the two persons who had helped me in my time of trouble."

How many people could have kept a secret like this from March 16, 1899 until the year of 1941? Read and marvel.

PROVING PISTOLS

Even without the doctor's report, the above testimonials will prove that the bullet that killed Mr. Reese was not the one which grazed his forehead that was fired by Will Clements, but the one fired by a smaller caliber pistol at close range from the back. Mr. Reese's neck was powder burned because of the close proximity of the murderer whom he never saw. The actual facts pertaining to the death bullet were obtained by the attending physician, Dr. Robert Harrison, Sr., who attended Mr. Reese at the time of the murder. Yet in no paper did the records once state there were TWO bullets fired into the anatomy of Mr. Reese. Perhaps the Reese pride forbade the correction, or perhaps the reporters were wise enough to realize that the enemy was in the saddle. Be that as it may, the fact remains that the head injury was insufficient in itself to kill Mr. Reese, and it was, according to the learned and eminent Dr. Harrison, Sr., the .38 bullet fired in the back of the neck that did the dirty work.

Chapter X

"IKE" THE BLACK BEAUTY

Ike was not only a beautiful horse, he was intelligent, loving, and loyal. His master, Sam H. Reese was a superb horseman and was considered the handsomest man in Columbus. Therefore, the horse and his master were always the cynosure of all eyes and they made a striking picture. Ike was known as a gaited animal. He was coal black and loved Mr. Reese with an undying devotion. After the murder of his master, Ike would whinny and almost beg to see him. He would leave his food and with large brooding eyes come to the fence dividing the horse lot from the back yard and raise his foreleg, drop his head and whinny. Mrs. Reese told her her sons that Ike was grieving for their father and something must be done immediately. After a conference, it was suggested that Ike be brought into the front yard and that an enlarged picture of Mr. Reese be shown him. This was done and when the horse viewed the picture he came to the porch, lowered his head and "nuzzled" the likeness, making soft little noises deep in his throat. After the experiment the horse was brought to the front and the negroes kept saying, "Old Ike, the beauty just wants his master."

BRUTALITY

Early one morning the colored man called excitedly, "Mr. Hub, Mr. Walter! Come quick, Ike is gone. Somebody done stole him!" The boys dressed hurriedly and what they saw confirmed the man's word. The gate was well fastened, all the other horses were in their stalls. BUT IKE WAS GONE! A quick breakfast, both horses saddled and the hunt was to

have been started when the phone rang and Mrs. Gracie Byars (John Stafford's widow) said, "Ike is here. We found him in front of my house. Somebody has committed a fiendish act. They have cut him in many places. I came out and had him brought in my front yard, attended his wounds and wrapped him in one of my best blankets. Better bring a wagon. I have plenty of colored help here and we will do whatsoever you all think wise."

Walter had taken the message. He thanked Miss Gracie and returned to face the inquiring eyes of his family. They knew that it was bad news by his expression and when he had relayed the message, the family bowed their heads and wept silently for such a fine animal. The negroes "hitched up the team for the wagon," put in the necessary articles and with tears running down their kind faces got everything going. The Reese boys rode away rapidly and they said when Ike saw them he neighed and tried to hobble to meet them. Miss Gracie was frankly weeping, and, at the same time trying to administer comfort to the two young men; for if there was anything a Reese loved it was a horse.

When the wagon arrived an improvised "run" had been made and with all the gentleness of top surgeons the horse was finally gotten in the wagon. The Reese boys told their horses to "follow" and with one on either side of Ike they stroked him gently and talked to him in the language that a fine horse understands.

The vet said, "Better kill him. Can't do anything for him."

The Reese boys said, "Try! Try!" And the vet did try and almost succeeded.

After this cowardly attempt on Ike's life, the Reese boys kept a man to look after their father's favorite horse. Every day he was gently led into the yard and given a look at the picture of Mr. Reese. Although the horse would never be able to be of any service, the Reeses planned to keep him until he died.

One day both the Reese boys were away from home. That night some murderous blackguard entered the horse lot and this time stabbed Ike to death. WHO DID IT? Their enemies. Always the hidden enemy.

BULL-DOG VERSUS BIRD-DOG

Howard Townsend had a bull dog, a whale of a scrapper. Jim Johnson, Reese boys brother-in-law, owned a pedigreed, lemon-colored bird dog, a gift from his good friend Bill Miller. Bruno stayed at the Reese home as much as he did at the Johnsons. One day Herbert Reese was in Kirby's Confectionary and Cold Drink Parlor when he heard the excited cry of "dog fight." He hastily put his milkshake down, hurried to the door and behold! There was Bruno the laughing, loping bird-dog in a tangle with the bull-dog. As he reached the door he heard Townsend say, "Nobody's going to separate them. My dog will eat him up."

The fight was in front of Ilse's Saloon and by the time Herbert arrived on the scene, Bruno was in the lead and Howard, not seeing Herbert, said, "I'll kick hell out of that damn bird dog."

"Oh, no you won't" says Herbert. "As long as your dog was big dog you were going to let him eat Bruno up. Now if you so much as put a toe against that bird dog, I'll knock hell out of you."

Howard stepped back and after Herbert saw the poor bull-dog was really suffering, he separated the dogs, patted Bruno on the head and told him to go home, which he did. The bull-dog was a sad sight and Howard took him home with him.

Mrs. Reese was in her flower garden when Bruno came flying across the low fence and as she put it, "Just being entirely too happy. I asked him 'What have you been up to Bruno? I can see devilment in your eyes. What in the world are you laughing about? Go to the front and watch the children.'" Off Bruno loped and soon the squeals of the children showed how much fun they were having with him.

Directly Herbert returned home and his mother said, "You know, son, I think Bruno has been in mischief. He's being entirely too happy and gay." It was then that he told her the story.

THE DREAM

Mrs. Campbell relates an unusual dream she had when she was still a young girl and known as Nonie Dudley, the

niece of Mrs. Sam Reese. "I saw Uncle Sam with blood running down his face and I cried out, 'Oh, Uncle Sam, what is the matter with you?' and he answered, 'Honey, they are murdering me but I'm going to stay with them.'"

She was very disturbed and consequently told the dream to several people in Oakland where at that time she was visiting with some friends and relatives. She was at the Clements home when Gus Clements came home in high humor and great glee and said to her, "Nonie, your dream has come true. Sam Reese was killed at five o'clock today and Willie (his renegade son) done it." He then cut a step and danced a jig in happiness over this tragedy.

Now Sam Reese was the man who had repeatedly befriended this Clements family, but he held in utter contempt this trifling man Gus, who was the non-supporting brother-in-law of his wife, Mrs. Sam Reese.

Nonie began to cry and a girl by name of Alice, who was the daughter of Gus, began to beat her chest with clenched fists and exclaimed, "Oh, Nonie! Don't you know this is killing Aunt Keet? Why she worshiped him. They surely loved each other. See these clothes I have on Nonie. Aunt Keet gave them to me. They have given me everything I have." At another time when her brother Jim came into the room, Alice pointed to her brother and whispered, "See those pants and shirt and the shoes that Jim is wearing? They gave them to him." Then Mrs. Campbell said that Alice suddenly stopped her whisperings and said in a loud voice, "Well, Willie and Jim will have to buy my clothes now. They won't give me any more."

Now it is an indisputable fact that Sam Reese and his wife did supply necessary clothing and food stuff to the Clements family for years. And be it further understood that the Clements were no blood relations to Mr. Reese, and he also contributed to the necessities of life for J. G. Townsend, who was a brother of Mrs. Reese, and to his family for many years, even paying the doctor and druggist bills when illness invaded their home. It was members of these families for the sake of money, who connived and brought about the death of their benefactor, Sam H. Reese, ex-sheriff of Colorado County.

AN UNUSUAL DREAM

Mrs. Laddie Boone was a niece of Mrs. Sam Reese and on December 3, 1899, she wrote a description of a dream that she had dreamed for three consecutive nights.

I saw Uncle Sam as plain as I ever saw him in life and he looked so natural. I dreamed that I was standing somewhere in a sandy place talking to Will and Jim Clements. Hiram was standing by but it seems as though he wasn't in the conversation at all. I was scolding Will for what he had done and I said to him, "Will, oh you ought to be ashamed of yourself for what you have done. You did not get that bad blood from your sweet mother's side, and I know if she knows what you have done she could not be happy even in heaven. You got it from your old daddy, and he said to me, 'I know I have done wrong but don't talk about the dead. Let my father rest. He didn't live right but he is dead now and don't say anything about him' And he began to cry and I turned to Jim and said, 'Boy the devil is certainly going to get you because you are so nasty and mean. Why don't you - - -,' and before I could finish saying what I wanted to, to him, something beautiful came floating down in the air and when Will and Jim saw what it was they just fell with their faces down in the sand and this beautiful object turned out to be Uncle Sam and he just slipped over and got down on one knee and tapped Will on the shoulder. He said, 'My boy, try to lead a better life if you want to meet your mother in Heaven for she is certainly there.' And in a second he was gone. I could see him going up but I never remember seeing either of the Clements' faces again. And I waked up. I feel sure that one never dreams about anyone being an angel unless they are really one. What do you think about it? This makes the third time I have dreamed about dear Uncle Sam being an angel."

A DREAM ABOUT SAM REESE

(From the *Colorado County Citizen*)

How are things over there? This is a secret which the most of men crave to know from the great beyond. Some-

thing pertaining to the above question was related to us by Mr. W. C. B., one of the business men of this place. He said that recently he had a dream in which he saw as plain as life his former friend, Mr. Sam H. Reese, lately deceased. That after passing the usual compliments of this world he put the above interrogation, which was promptly answered by the deceased, "About like life over here, only you have to wait." The writer has never read of but one man that was endowed with such an opportunity and that was Lazarus, but one commenting upon this says if Lazarus learned anything of the spirit world it was never revealed by him.

Chapter XI

ASSASSINATION OF DICK REESE

The night was still. Suddenly a volley of shots rang out from the direction of the east bridge in Columbus. It was about eight o'clock. No one knew what the trouble was. It is one of the miracles of today that the Reese boys, Walter and Herbert, slipping in and out of the crowds trying to ascertain the nature of the trouble, were undetected and unhurt.

Two men from Waelder who were camping on the old Steiner farm, which is at the end of the east bridge, witnessed the whole affair but were afraid to testify in court because their lives had been threatened.

Hearing the low rumble of voices and the tramping of many feet, these two men, father and son, decided that a bunch of thieves were about to molest them and take their wagon and fine team of horses. They got their guns, hid themselves in the high weeds and awaited the attack. They knew there was no chance of escape so they decided to fight it out, although the odds were against them. They said there were at least 25 men in and around the bridge. Soon the crunch of horses feet and the swirl of the rubber tired phaeton was heard. As the vehicle reached a certain distance, a voice called, "Is that you Mr. Reese?"

"Yes," was the rejoinder and in a low clear voice, "What do you want?" No anger, no thought of danger was in that soft voice.

Instantly a volley of shots rang out and a voice was heard to say, "To shoot your damn head off."

The negro driver, Dick Gant, leaped from the phaeton

and began running. He was shot down and he began begging for his life to be spared. They cursed him and shot him many times completely tearing his head to pieces. Pieces of this negro's skull was strewn on the ground where he fell.

Now the mare that Mr. Reese and his driver were using was the property of August Burtschell. She was a black beauty called Minsie, and was a most intelligent animal. At the shooting, she wheeled around and ran back toward Alleyton with the lifeless body of Mr. Dick Reese.

Now these killers became uneasy when they saw that the phaeton was gone, so they got their horses and rode up and down the Alleyton road looking for it. They finally decided that Dick Reese was either alive or that his friends had found his body. Imagine their chagrin when the next morning the truth was revealed.

This lovely animal "Minsie" was a half-sister to "Ike" the horse Mr. Sam Reese was riding the day of his assassination and was of high intelligence. She was swift and sure of foot. Instead of returning to her home in Alleyton she turned into an unused lane that lead to an old pasture where she had grazed and frolicked as a colt. She remained there until she was discovered the next day. It is said that this mare had pawed a hole deep enough to put her fore leg in and that the lines were wrapped around her legs and body, yet she made no effort to free herself from the phaeton. The poor bullet-ridden body of Mr. Dick Reese was found in the phaeton with an untouched pistol on the seat beside him. The entire back of his head, his chest and body was riddled with buckshot, rifle and pistol bullets.

The campers, who were from Waelder, were threatened and ordered out of town by Sheriff Burford and his gang and consequently were afraid to testify. Can you blame them? There was a young negro boy who witnessed the murders of Mr. Dick Reese and his negro driver Dick Gant, and was unwise enough to tell a few of his friends. As soon as these people heard about it, Will Clements arrested him and he was killed.

At the time of his murder, the enemy knew that Mr. Dick Reese was entirely paralyzed in his right arm, still they were afraid of him.

CORRECTION BY WALTER REESE

Columbus, Texas.

May 27, 1899.

Editor Colorado Citizen:

Please be so kind as to correct the following. The Citizen stated one of the youngest Reese boys induced the girl who was found in boy's clothing to disguise herself and obtain information wanted. That is false. It also stated my father was killed in a street fight by Deputy Sheriff Will Clements. That is also false. It is publicly known, Marcus Townsend, Marian Hope, and Will Clements killed him. The grand jury indicted them. There were others shooting but no one testified to that fact. But it is no secret about Marcus Townsend, Marian Hope, and Will Clements killing my father, and I certainly would like for you to publish the true facts in regard to my father's murder. By so doing you will greatly oblige, very respectfully,

J. W. Reese

WHERE WAS MRS. REESE

Mrs. Sam Reese was in Yoakum at the time of the assassination of her brother-in-law, Burrell Richard (Dick) Reese, but she hurried home in an agony of grief and terpidation at, and the possibility of, great danger surrounding her two sons.

The enemy had put out a report that Mrs. Reese had sent her two young daughters out to spy on them. When it was learned that Mrs. Reese was in Yoakum at the time of the murder this tale blew up in smoke and there was hush, hush.

MURDER TRIAL OF DICK REESE

January 1900

When Mrs. Sam Reese, with her sister, Mrs. J. E. Brown, and Mrs. August Burtschell were on the train en route to Bastrop to attend the Dick Reese murder trial where they were summoned as witnesses, she was accosted by her disreputable nephew Will Clements thus: "The damned old

b- - - can't wear diamonds since I killed the old buck." He was at this time sitting across the aisle from her and was about two-thirds drunk as usual. Mrs. Reese, Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Burtschell ignored him and he arose and crossing over to their seat he began to curse and malign this aunt who had given of her means to him and to his family which kept them from actual want and starvation. Finally Mrs. Reese looked him squarely in the eye and remarked both calmly and casually, "This is the thanks I get for feeding dogs. My husband and I fed and clothed you and your family for years and thus are we repaid." The justice of this remark infuriated Clements and he stepped back with his hand on his gun. At this moment A. P. Wooldridge, known as Gunger, arose and caught Clement's arm and they left the coach together. Perhaps Wooldridge remembered the many times that Mr. and Mrs. Reese had befriended him in the past and felt shame at hearing this cheap man insulting this kind lady.

THE AFTERMATH

Mrs. Reese decided not to communicate this indignity to her sons and asked her two companions to refrain from repeating the incident. However, someone told Walter that Will Clements had cursed his mother on the train. It is a recorded fact that Walter Reese made no threats upon receiving this infamous information. Instead he gave the old Reese laugh and smiled by replying, "Well, that's too bad." It is also a fact that in the meantime the train incident was repeated to the chief of the Townsend-Burford faction and Marcus Townsend became alarmed and told Clements, "This is the worse thing you've ever done. We are not in Colorado County now and this will go against us."

Chapter XII

THE KILLING OF ARTHUR BURFORD

The murder case of Dick Reese for which Jim Townsend was on trial was continued. There was a man by name of Shaw who was with the Townsends and Burfords.

Arthur, son of Sheriff Burford, said "Earnest, come and go with us." And Shaw replied, "Arthur, I wouldn't walk down the street with Will Clements. Not after he cursed those Reese boys' mother."

Arthur replied, "Those boys won't hurt me. We are friendly. Anyway I'm not afraid."

Shaw remained adamant and prophesied, "But a stray bullet will get you," and refused to walk with this trio composed of Arthur Burford, Will Clements, and Howard Townsend.

When they were directly in front of the Iron Front Saloon, Walter Reese stepped out and told Will Clements to draw his gun for he was going to shoot. Instead of obeying the order, Clements threw Burford in front of him and the bullet intended for his scalp struck young Burford while Clements ran like a scared rabbit. It is true Reese put two bullets into Clements but he survived.

In Bastrop some mischievous boys drew a picture on the high fence where Clements jumped and left part of his trousers on a nail. A picture of a man running and wrote this inscription: "Look out! Clements is coming!" This created much merriment which encouraged the pranksters to draw a picture of Howard Townsend running on all fours.

FAST RUNNERS

Clements really ran like a wild Indian through a saddle shop, breaking down things as he ran. He jumped a high fence, leaving part of his trousers on a nail, then into a hotel where he was helped into a room. The landlady called, "Don't put him in that room. It is Judge Reese's room." Clements immediately jerked away from his two aides crying, "My God! It's the Reeses that are after me."

He then ran into the back yard and jumped this high fence and was caught on a nail. He kicked and screamed until the seat of his pants gave way and he continued to run until he dropped in front of a residence several blocks distant.

Another odd thing is that there was no report of the pistol that Clements lost while running. Howard Townsend ran on all fours and running into a ladies establishment, he overturned several racks, which irritated the owner. Howard also had on a gun but he never thought to use it. The Reese boys sincerely regretted the accidental killing of Arthur Buford and they contended that Will Clements was the actual killer as he caused the young man to get the bullet intended for him by throwing Arthur in front of him. However, the other side of the faction used this incident to continue their nefarious work.

THE TRIAL AT BASTROP

The Townsend-Burford lawyers were very sarcastic and tried in devious way to embarrass the ladies or witnesses who were called to testify. When Mrs. Reese was called to testify, Walter said to one of these lawyers, "If you insult my mother I'll kill you with this paper weight." He had taken up the weight and was holding it in his hands. The lawyer must have felt ashamed of his tactics for he did not try to harass or embarrass Mrs. Reese. He asked only the necessary questions and cross-questioned when she related the incident on the train. It was at this trial that Maynard, the brilliant lawyer engaged to defend Reese created much merriment during his questioning of Howard Townsend. He said: "Gentlemen, the Holy Scriptures tell us that the man

Ananias was struck dead for telling one lie. Look at young Townsend, gentlemen. He has told a thousand lies and is still living." There was no mention in the press of Mrs. Reese's testimony. It was evidently caused by fear of the Townsend-Burford factions who were undoubtedly "in the saddle while Will Burford remained sheriff of Colorado County."

SEARCH — INDIGNITIES

Mrs. Joe F. Lessing was with her two young sisters at the Reese home when word came to them of the trouble in Bastrop. She immediately decided to go to Bastrop so that she could be with her mother and brothers.

That great and good old gentleman, one of God's finest men, Doctor Harrison, Sr., a friend to Sam Reese while living and remaining a friend after his death, came to the Reese home and when he learned that "Miss Nuddie" was determined to go to Bastrop, he said to her, "Of course, you must go to your mother, Miss Nuddie, but I hate to see you go alone. Be careful, honey. Those scoundrels are beasts and I don't trust a one of them. They are criminals at heart." This same good friend, Dr. Harrison one of the most widely known and loved men who ever lived in Columbus, drove up to the Reese home in his buggy and driving his double team of horses, took Mrs. Lessing to the depot and saw that she was properly seated. His last admonition was, "Now be careful Miss Nuddie. You will see Bob (his doctor son) when you get to Bastrop."

Riding the old La Grange Tap, Mrs. Lessing was soon in the little city of La Grange where she remained at a hotel until time to entrain for Bastrop. After securing a seat in the depot, she noticed the odd behavior of Sheriff W. T. Burford. He would come to the door of the depot, look in and amble off. He repeated this several times and presently a man came over to Mrs. Lessing and asked, "Are you Mrs. Joe Lessing?" She answer in her high spirited manner. "Not that it's any of your business, but I am."

He then explained that he was Captain Rogers of the Texas Rangers and wanted to know if she had a bag. Mrs. Lessing replied that she had a suitcase. He then asked if she

would object to him searching it and she answered quickly, "I certainly do object."

The Ranger asked which of the suit cases was hers and she pointed it out without rising from her seat.

He brought it over and notwithstanding her protests, opened and thoroughly searched it. He saw an object wrapped first in newspaper and then in tissue and looked up triumphantly for the space of a few minutes. As he opened the package and saw a man's handkerchief covered with dry blood, he exclaimed, "My God! What is this?" Mrs. Lessing replied grimly, "That handkerchief, sir, is the one my young brother Walter used to wipe the blood from the brow of our murdered father." Then she fiercely commanded, "Now that you know, wrap it up as carefully as you found it?" The captain never said a word but gravely restored the handkerchief to its original wrappings.

COLORADO COUNTY SHERIFF ENTERS

After searching the bag of Mrs. Lessing, the Captain left the room. Many indignant protests were voiced by various people in the depot. Mrs. Lessing was the only member of the Reese family entrained for Bastrop, but the coaches were filled with the Townsend-Burford faction, as they were returning from Arthur's funeral. After the Captain had vacated the depot, Sheriff Burford of Colorado County came in carrying a short shotgun, accompanied by a man named Fults, who spoke to Mrs. Lessing who replied with quiet dignity, "You forget yourself." Then Fults turned to Burford and said, "What are you going to do with that shotgun Will?" And Burford, the bully, replied, "I'm going to kill me a deer."

The old fool was about two-thirds drunk as usual, and presently walked up to Mrs. Lessing and drew the gun on her. Fults, Burford's henchman, grabbed Burford's arm exclaiming, "Oh my God, Will, don't do that!"

Mrs. Lessing did not flinch or move an inch but continued to look her scorn and contempt, "Why don't you shoot me, you cowardly bully. You know that I am unarmed and unprotected."

The Rangers must have been notified of this disturbance for at this very moment they came running in and took Burford and the gun outside of the depot.

Directly the Old Katy came puffing in and the passengers boarded the train. Mrs. Lessing took a seat on the opposite side from the depot. After a little while a Ranger came to her and asked her to move to a seat across the aisle, which was in front of two Rangers. He said that she was in danger. She moved as requested and there was no further annoyance or persecution.

At last the train was in Bastrop. The Rangers did not offer Mrs. Lessing safe conduct to the hotel and she was too proud to ask them. Doctor Bob Harrison, son of the "old doctor" met her as she was giving her suit case to a negro man and inquiring at which hotel the Reeses were staying. Dr. Bob spoke to her and then escorted her to the hotel. As they were walking toward the hotel, Dr. Bob said, "Miss Nuddie, drop your handkerchief, pick it up quickly and look behind us and see if we are being followed." Acting on instructions, Mrs. Lessing distinctly saw two men following them and reported same to him, whereupon the doctor remarked, "I was afraid of that." Yet nothing unprecedented happened and they reached the hotel in safety.

THE RETURN TRIP TO BASTROP

For the second time Mrs. Sam Reese made the trip to Bastrop. Again Mrs. J. E. Brown and Mrs. August Burtshell accompanied her as they had been summoned as witnesses in the Reese-Burford trial. In La Grange, Captain Rogers searched their suit cases and as he finished someone came running to him and said, "Hurry Captain, Will Clements has a gun drawn on Mrs. Reese.

At that very moment, Mrs. Burtshell cried out, "Oh, my God! Look out Mrs. Reese! Will Clements is going to kill you."

The Rangers then quieted the drunken Clements and the sheriff of Colorado County, W. T. Burford. This was at La Grange and the sheriff of Fayette County, Mr. Loessin, came to the depot and offered his services. His instructions were

thus: "Two Rangers must walk in the back of Mrs. Reese. I will walk on one side and another Ranger must walk on the other side of her." In this manner Mrs. Sam Reese, widow of ex-sheriff Sam H. Reese was safely conducted to the train! The other members of the opposite faction were then lodged in another coach and the rest of the trip was made without further mishap or trouble.

BAIL GRANTED

Bastrop, Texas, January, 1900

Bonds were promptly made by the Reeses as the habeas corpus trial was concluded. Offers were received from prominent people from Washington, Lavaca, Bee, Austin and other counties to sign the bonds for any amount or render any financial aid that might be desired.

BEFORE AND AFTER

Colorado Citizen, 1900

Two years ago when W. T. Burford ran for sheriff, he was prosperous as a planter and had not an enemy. His office has been a financial expense, a source of great anxiety and has lost to him a most promising son, who was very dear to him. The feud has immeasurably injured Columbus. A German farmer was accidentally killed in one encounter and that community has tabooed the town. Most of the citizens of Rock Island come to town as seldom as possible. The town is divided in sympathy and is not shoulder to shoulder in public enterprise. A number of citizens look upon the feud as a family matter, and, without sympathy, want to see it end, no matter how.

Chapter XIII

THE NEIGHING HORSE

Herbert Reese owned a big bay horse which he called Muldoom. To all appearances this horse was a sleepy-head. Gaited for the buggy or saddle he could be put on the amateur track and just walk away with the glory. An odd characteristic of Muldoom was his extreme sensitiveness to danger. He was the equal of any good yard dog.

One night Mrs. Reese, with her two young daughters, were alone in their home as her two sons were out of the city. It was a quiet night. Mrs. Reese was reading her Bible and the girls were studying or reading. Suddenly a sharp, penetrating, challenging neigh was heard and Mrs. Reese said, "There is someone around the place. Listen to Muldoom's challenging neigh!"

Quick as a cat, and with justifiable indignation and anger, the younger daughter, Lillian, ran to her mother's bed and snatching her father's trusty Colt .45, exclaimed, "Well the boys are not here, mama, but I will see what or who it is."

Mrs. Reese and Sadie followed her and as she stepped out on the back porch she dimly saw the outline of a man. Without a moment's hesitation the young girl aimed hastily and shot at the shadow and the man jumped over the fence back of the barn and ran away. Friends came to investigate but could do nothing because they knew it was the work of an enemy.

Next day, George Martin, a close friend to the Reese boys, came to Mrs. Reese and told her who it was and what had been planned. It appeared that a few of the drunken Burford-Townsend bunch had gotten together and decided

that since the Reese boys were out of town it would be an excellent idea to burn up the widow Reese's home. He said that Red Burford was relegated to do the job. The shrill warning of Muldoom, the horse that neighed, and the quick action of the young girl, threw a hatchet in the dirty scheme. He further stated that the man "Red" who had volunteered to do the work got the scare of his life and emphatically refused to give it another try saying, "That young girl is a hellion. She barely missed me in the dark and I ain't going back."

Muldoom was the same horse who threw up his head and sniffed the air when Lillian was driving him to Altair. By his action the Reese girl was put on her guard and was able to ward off the enemy.

A FRIENDLY WARNING

Mrs. Reese had been visiting in San Antonio with her sister, Mrs. J. E. Brown and was returning to her home in Columbus on the early morning train. She did not notify her children of her plans as she was afraid to have them meet the train at this early hour. When she reached Glidden a trainman, whom she did not know, came to her and asked, "Are you Mrs. Reese?"

She answered in the affirmative and he told her he was a friend of her late husband and that he had just overheard a plot to kill her. He continued: "When you start home a gang of men are going to attempt to murder you." "Now Mrs. Reese you just remain on this train when you reach Columbus and go right on through."

This Mrs. Reese did, going to Rosenberg and returning home the next day. This friend of her husband's also warned her against a young man who was on the train. He said, "Because of your heavy veil these men are not entirely satisfied that you are Mrs. Reese. They have assigned the task of identification to this young man whom you think is your friend, to definitely ascertain if it is you."

Sure enough this young man, whom the Reeses had always rather liked, came to her seat and asked, "Is this you, Mrs. Reese?" and after talking a few minutes, offered to

walk home with her. Then he went back to the other coach and reported what he had learned.

No doubt these murderers were rather non-plussed when their intended victim failed to leave the train, yet had it not been for this fine trainman's warning, Mrs. Reese would have lost her life.

People from surrounding communities avoided what was at this time dubbed Hell's Half Acre, and there was little danger of private citizens of Columbus being at the depot. In fact, the enemy had everything sewed up. Surely it was providential that God allowed this kind and brave trainman to overhear the plotting conversation.

THE ARMED TRAIN AND GEORGE MARTIN

In the peaceful calm of a sunshiny day, a messenger came to Mrs. Reese bringing a message, Walter, her older son, was in Alleyton attending to some business. The Townsend-Burford had just heard of it and were arming themselves with the usual shotguns, rifles, etc., and were planning to conceal themselves on the east bound Southern Pacific passenger train. Walter was at this time making his home in Houston as he was connected with the McCane Detective Agency of that city. He had slipped quietly into the little town of Alleyton, transacted some business and planned to return to Houston on the afternoon train, not dreaming that the enemy had any knowledge of his presence there. Herbert was out of town and Walter had not even communicated with his family, so he considered it next to impossible for the enemy to know aught of his plans.

When Mrs. Reese received this message, she had her fastest horse hitched up to the buggy and with her two daughters and George Martin, who had delivered the message, started toward Alleyton. The trip was made without mishap and in a few minutes the three miles were spanned. Imagine Walter's surprise and pleasure when he saw his folks drive up. Then picture his indignation and anger when he learned of this foul train scheme. George said, "Walter, we have it from good authority and I saw them arming them-

selves and there will be a bunch of fifteen or twenty men on this afternoon's train."

THE COUNTER PLAN

Now this plan was devised. George was to return to Columbus, send out some fresh horses in case they were needed. He was then to get on the train and when it reached Alleyton, if the enemy was on the train, he would give a signal.

Mrs. Reese, her two daughters and Miss Lizzie Coleman, were on the platform of the freight depot and as the train came pulling in, sure enough this brave young George Martin alighted from the coach and put his hand on his hat, which was the signal decided on. As the train started off, the ladies distinctly saw Sheriff Burford, Red Burford, Will and Jim Clements, Jim Townsend, Hiram Clements, Marian Hope and others of the gang with drawn guns. These men doubled back from Eagle Lake but the Reeses had already returned to Columbus and Walter had returned to his business in Houston and Rosenberg.

In Alleyton, W. T. Burford was heard to say, "We'll never get that damn boy as long as that old - - - lives." He was speaking of the widow Reese.

GEORGE MARTIN WAS THREATENED

When the frustrated Burford bunch returned to Columbus, they looked up George Martin and asked, "What were you doing on that train?"

"Going to Alleyton," was the laconic reply.

"Did you tip off the Reeses that we were on that train?"

"Hell no. I was going to see my girl."

This answer was not entirely satisfactory and George said for a few minutes things looked pretty screwy for him. However, after cursing and threatening the boy they let him go with the admonition, "If we ever find out that you are guilty, we'll shoot hell out of you."

George immediately reported this to the Reeses and they laughed with glee at the clever manner in which George had passed over a pretty ticklish and perhaps dangerous moment.

In those days you counted your friends as sympathizers but expected no material aid from them. But a true friendship of this kind was rare and treasured in the hearts of the Reeses.

Chapter XIV

SISTER MOLLIE

Mrs. Sam Reese had a sister named Mrs. Mollie Dudley, who wanted to go target shooting. At one time of her life "Sister Mollie" had been a quick and ready marksman. So Mrs. Reese, Mrs. Joe F. Lessing, and Mrs. Dudley went to one of the Reese farms where she soon demonstrated to her own satisfaction and to the surprise of her sister and niece that she had not lost her shooting talent. In fact, she made the chips fly and easily hit the bull's eye.

Unknown to these three ladies, Marcus Townsend had sent a spy to trail them and report what they were doing. It is said when he received the report, Marcus said, "She shoots too damn well. We've got to do something about it." Someone slipped this remark to Mrs. Dudley who laughed and forgot all about it.

THE UTTER FEARLESSNESS OF MRS. REESE AT ALLEYTON

When Mrs. Reese received word that her son Walter was in Alleyton and that a gang of his enemies with W. T. Burford leading them were hidden there to kill him, this brave and fearless mother, who was in a state of delicate health, ordered her buggy to be brought to the front and with her Sister Mollie quickly drove toward the little town. As she entered the main part of Alleyton she saw a crowd of about twenty-five men but calmly drove toward them. When she was directly opposite them, Sheriff Burford gave an order and one of his henchmen grabbed the horse and others of

the party proceeded to drag these ladies out of the buggy and otherwise abuse them by cursing them. Mrs. Reese answered never a word and made no effort to defend herself for she was too weak from a recent illness, but her Sister Mollie accounted for herself most creditably. She proceeded to pull the ear of the man who grabbed her and he screamed out in pain. It was later learned that he had to receive medical treatment for his almost severed ear, which was well deserved for attacking a lady. Two men grabbed each woman, one on either side of them. Mrs. Reese spoke only one time and she addressed Jesse Crawford thus, "Jesse, this is the thanks my husband gets for saving you from the penitentiary."

At this, this young man threw up his hands and refused to do the bidding of the sheriff and exclaiming, "Oh my God! I'll not have anything to do with this persecution," and later left the country.

WHY THE DRAMATICS?

Later developments proves that this scene was a frame to get Walter Reese, who was on the other side of town, but his enemies thought he was where he could see them and, of course, they knew that he would come running to his mother's assistance and they could get him.

HERBERT REESE AND HIS NEGRO ALECE

Now Herbert Reese was in bed suffering from a heart attack. Therefore, Mrs. Reese did not tell him anything about this affair. However, some good friend got him word and he arose at once and called for his good servant Alece, saying, "Alece, help me dress quickly. Reese is in Alleyton and that bunch of - - - are trying to murder him. We must go at once. Get the horses ready."

This negro man, who worshiped where the Reese men walked replied, "Now, Mr. Hub, I'll die for you and Mr. Walter, but Mr. Hub, you are a sick man. Let me go alone. I'm only a nigger and maybe I can get through."

Herbert answered, "Alece, there's nothing on earth can

keep me from Reese. I'm going to him. If he dies, I'll go with him, and he grinned his sunny smile, and boy, we'll sell out high."

Alece knew there was no sense in arguing. Lillian Reese came into the room and helped Herbert with his clothing while Alece got the horses ready. Just how they made the trip is a miracle. Knowing every foot of the land and being conversant with the fording spots in the old Colorado River, Herbert and his trusty Alece slipped through this cordon of enemies, only to find out that Reese had again outwitted his enemies.

WALTER REESE AND THE FLOWERS

Walter Reese, like his mother, was a lover of flowers. He had formed a habit of rising early and visiting in the flower garden when he was home. He would report to his mother the blossoming of any new plant and they enjoyed this part of their home life very much.

One Monday, morning, while he was among the flowers, unarmed and in his shirt sleeves, Mary Burford and her mother drove up to the Reese fence and stopped the old gray horse they always drove. Mary aimed her gun at Walter and said, "I'm going to shoot you, you - - - ." At this precise moment, Lillie Reese stepped out on the side porch and leveling a repeating shotgun at the Burford woman said, "Drop that gun or I'll blow both of you to bits."

These women screamed out, "Oh, for God's sake, Lillie, don't kill us."

The gun was dropped and Mrs. Burford put the whip to the old gray and they departed in a wild hurry.

Walter had been standing among the flowers with an odd smile playing around the corners of his mouth. He did not appear at all disturbed but came up to his baby sister and said, "Sug, that was a good job you pulled. I am glad you did not shoot them."

Then his sister replied with a little laugh, "The worse part of it Walter, is that I did not know whether the gun was loaded or not. I saw you cleaning it last night and when I saw it leaning against the wall I just went after it. You

see, I didn't have time to get anything else so I snatched the shotgun and trusted to luck."

The smile returned and a hearty laugh pealed out as Walter said, "It was loaded with buckshot, honey. It really would have done the job effectively. I certainly am proud of the manner in which you have conducted yourself this morning."

He then playfully pinched his sister's cheek and gave the final accolade, "Sug, I have always contended that I'd rather have you with me if I was in a jam than half the men."

Herbert had been in the horse lot and hearing voices and seeing the women racing their horse, made him suspicious and he came running in the house. He listened to the above conversation and said, "Reese, you are too particular where women are concerned. There she was, intending to kill you without mercy, and you said that you are glad Sug did not shoot them."

At this, all three of them laughed and then went into the dining room for breakfast. Of course, they had to tell their mother and she said, "I've been afraid of something like this happening. I hope it is over."

ALTAIR, TEXAS

Lillie Reese was on her way to meet her brother Walter in Altair. As she passed the old Bailey place she saw several men hiding behind the trees on the left side of the old Altair road. She immediately recognized them as enemies of her family. The Reeses' drove the best of horses and these animals were not only fast in harness but were well trained by the Reese men. Without an instant's hesitation, Lillie changed the reins from her right to her left hand and as two men started to grab her horse she pointed her gun and said, "Step back or take it." They jumped back without argument and her horse, Al, leaped into a rapid standard trot, he could easily cover a mile in three minutes.

As she passed them she could plainly see the guns in the hands of these men, but they held their fire and she did likewise. Of course, this story was recounted to Walter when

he arrived in Altair, but he said, "Well, honey, I'm going home and if anyone attacks us we'll sell high."

Just what was in the minds of these men whom she had encountered has often puzzled her, but it is now her opinion that they had learned Walter would come to Altair and that they planned to hold her captive knowing full well that her brothers would walk into the jaws of death to rescue her. It is evident that her display of bravery and fearlessness in the showing of a cocked gun did much to change their minds. The ride home was without incident of any kind.

THE TRAMP ON THE ROADSIDE

At another time on this same Altair road when Lillie was again on her way to meet her brother due to arrive that morning, she noticed a man lying close to the pasture fence of Mrs. Gracie Byars, the former widow of John Stafford. Thinking it was a tramp she idly wondered why he was on the public road, instead of inside the pasture. As she approached nearer, her horse, a fine sensitive high strung animal, threw up his head and sniffed the air. Lillie immediately sensed a lurking danger and unconsciously slipped her gun into her hand ready for action. When she was about even with the creature he held up his hand to ask a question. She stopped her horse and the man caught the bit and said, "I don't intend to hurt you, but you must do as I say." He was a little slow on the draw and he found himself looking down the barrel of a pistol while a well controlled voice assured him that if he did not release the bit he would be blown to pieces. He quickly obeyed; running off and crawling through the fence of the pasture and was soon lost to view. Mrs. Gracie Byars had witnessed this scene from an upstairs window and going downstairs she called to the servants to run quickly and help Lillie Reese. However, this part of the story was told to the Reeses later by their friend Mrs. Byars.

The Reese brothers thought that this was a paid stool to do the bidding of their enemies and was intended as a ruse to entice them into an ambush. Had their sister become frightened and obeyed the command, it is believed that she

would have suffered no bodily harm, but that her brothers would have been murdered when they went in search of her.

Chapter XV

SHOOTING AFFRAY

July 1900

(This is a copy from newspaper clippings in scrap book)

Another chapter of the Colorado County Reese-Townsend feud was closed Tuesday evening at the depot in Rosenberg when after a fusilade of shots from the train, Jim Coleman and Walter Reese were carried from the field. Some months ago Coleman and Reese moved here from Columbus where there had been a factional feud for years.

Tuesday evening Coleman and Reese were at the depot and as the train came to a standstill, a battle opened up between them and parties INSIDE the car. At the first volley, Coleman fell shot through the body and also received a shot which crushed his right arm and another through the upper part of his left arm. He rolled off the platform and was out of range. At the same time Coleman fell, Reese was shot in the hip and the magazine of his Winchester was bent by a bullet. Practically disarmed, he moved around the corner of the express office where he fired three or four shots with his six shooter at the parties in the car. The train was in motion by this time and the battle was over, some 15 shots having been fired in not more than 30 seconds. The wounded were then taken to the home of Mrs. Reese where they received medical attention and at this writing it is thought that Coleman had a fighting chance to recover, although badly hurt Reese will be all right in a few days. The boys had been assured so it is said, that the Townsend faction were not on the train, which accounts for them standing within a few feet of the car, making an easy mark for those inside. M. H. Townsend, James Clements, Will Clem-

ents, A. B. Wooldridge, and Frank (Red) Burford were arrested at Houston and brought back to Richmond Wednesday. They waived examination and gave bond in the sum of \$1,000 each. Messrs. Pearson & Wharton and Russell & Woody were retained by the defense. It is a deplorable affair and while Fort Bend County people are free from any connection with either side of the controversy, they regret exceedingly the occurrence. It is a matter for congratulation that not a single one of the bystanders were injured.

STATEMENT OF WALTER REESE
TO THE EDITOR OF *THE HOUSTON POST*

Rosenberg, Texas

August 1

Seeing the report of the difficulty between James Coleman and myself and the Townsend faction at Rosenberg yesterday, I wish to make a true statement of the affair. On yesterday, Tuesday, July 31, my brother Herbert got on the cars of the Southern Pacific Railroad at Kellerson Station to come home to Rosenberg. After my brother got on the train he saw Will Clements, Jim Clements, Frank (Red) Burford, Mark Townsend, A. B. Woolridge and others. He then went into the negro car and took a seat. When the train arrived at Eagle Lake, three men came into the car where he was and told him he had to get off the train there, that they were going down to Rosenberg to clean out Jim Coleman and myself, Walter Reese, that if he did not get off they would break his neck. He got off the cars and telephoned us that he had left his grip on the cars and to send to the cars and get it.

Jim Coleman, being the deputy sheriff, I called on him to go with me and get Herbert's grip off the train. We went to the train as soon as it stopped and I inquired of - - - - - if any of the Townsend faction was aboard. - - - - -, who I knew well told me that they were not on the train, that they got off above there. Jim Coleman was with me and heard what he said, "You know if they were on there I would tell you."

Then Coleman got on the train to look for my brother's

grip sack and came out of the car without it. He came to me and said it was not in that car. It must be in the other car. We started down to the other car and when we got about middle-way of the car Will Clements shot out of the window of the car and shot me in the thigh. Then there was a perfect fusillade of fire from the cars on me. I returned the fire on me and my gun was shot out of my hand. There were thirty or forty shots fired.

Walter Reese

WALTER REESE AND HAM PROCTOR

Rosenberg, August 1900

Ham Proctor said to his friend, "Come with me Reese. I want to see if my friend Bill is on the train tonight. He is a fine fellow and I'd like for you to meet him." Not having anything to do, Walter replied, "I'll be glad to go with you and meet your friend."

So these two young men boarded the old Southern Pacific in Rosenberg and after going through one or two coaches decided that Ham's friend wasn't on the train. "However," Ham said, "Let's go through this last coach, he may be on it."

As they entered Walter immediately spotted old man Burford who was reading a newspaper. He walked up to Burford and said, "Well, if this isn't my old friend, Will Burford who has been looking for me."

Burford threw up his hands and said, "Walter for God's sake don't shoot me. I'm unarmed."

Walter removed the newspaper which was at the side of Burford and said, "There's your gun. Why don't you use it?"

Ham said, "Why don't you kill him, Reese?"

Walter replied that he didn't like to hurt an old man, especially when he refused to fight, but for safety reasons he would remove the shells from his enemy's gun so that there would be no "back-firing."

So you see, Walter could have killed the old man who had been persecuting his family for years, but he was too honorable to do so.

A MOTHER'S EFFORT TO SAVE HER SONS

In order to lessen the danger to her sons lives, Mrs. Sam Reese decided to leave the scene of the tragedy and leave her home in Columbus. She moved to Rosenberg, where the feudist faction still pursued and tried to kill her son, Walter.

A man viewing the "shooting affray" said that when he saw that young man's gun shot out of his hand by the hidden enemy on the train, he marveled at the defiance and fearlessness of him. He said that Walter Reese, whom he did not know, just took out his pistol and "kept coming toward the coach and firing at the unseen enemy." This was told after Reese and Jim Coleman had been seriously wounded.

Mrs. Reese also moved to Victoria, and even so the enemy continued to endeavor to kill her sons. She then moved to Yoakum and later came back to her home in Columbus. After all, she was here before the enemies came to Columbus, except the Townsends.

Chapter XVI

MISS EMM

Although her name was Mrs. Davenport, Columbus people called her "Miss Emm." She was a lovable soul and was an ardent admirer of the charming and witty "Hub" (Herbert Reese) and consequently enjoyed conversing with him.

Miss Emm, with her sister Miss Blanche Delaney, were the proprietors of a millinery and gift shop which was located on Milam Street. It was in the month of April and one of those sunshiny days that makes one think of summer. Herbert entered the store and after greetings were exchanged asked, "Miss Emm, do you still have that picture you got in yesterday?" Upon being informed that it was still unsold, Herbert said, "I want to get it for Sug's birthday. I'll pay you now and you put it away until the 26th as I want to surprise her."

The purchase having been made, Miss Emm followed Herbert to the door where he finished telling her something of apparent interest.

Using her story: "Suddenly I froze! There was old Will Burford as full as a tick and swaying from side to side. He had drawn his pistol and as I screamed, Herbert turned around and started toward that old idiot. I jumped in front of Hub and threw my arms around him and I believe it is that which saved his life."

She also added: "I screamed to Burford 'get away from here! Don't you dare try to kill this boy.' Herbert was trying to disentangle my arms from around him but I held tight until the old fool had trotted down the street and entered some store."

She further says: "I told Hub to go home. The old man was drunk and too, you are unarmed."

Hub looked at me and laughed. "Why Miss Emm, I don't need a gun for such a damn coward as old Burford. I'll just take his gun away from him. I've never struck an old man, but today I don't seem to feel so noble."

Upon this remark, Herbert turned and walked rapidly down the street. As he neared one of the stores, it was Zumwalt's Drug Store, Ned came out and spoke to him and said, "Hub, I've just heard what the old man has done."

Herbert said, "Do you want to take it up?"

Ned Burford replied, "No Hub. The damn old fool is always acting crazy. I have taken his gun from him and am going to take him home. I hope that you do not hold anything against me."

The two young men shook hands and later in recounting this to his mother, Herbert said, "Mama, I just can't understand how any man can call his father a damn fool." Mrs. Reese answered that the young man only spoke the provoked truth.

PERKINS BARBER SHOP

The Reese boys continued to patronize the Perkins Barber Shop and one night as Herbert was being shaved, Will Clements, Red Burford, Marian Hope and a few others of the Townsend faction came into the shop and walking to the chair where Herbert was being shaved began cursing and threatening to "shoot his guts out."

Herbert tore the towels from him and backing against the wall began cursing them and offering to fight all of them if they could come at him one at a time. As they started to shoot him, Jim Townsend, a member of their gang, stepped in front of them and with drawn gun put a stop to this tormenting scene. Herbert was unarmed but still unafraid. He said to Townsend, "I should thank you for intervening in my behalf, but I'd rather be killed and sink into hell than accept my life at the hands of a damn enemy. But remember this, we Reeses always pay our obligations and some day either I or Reese will repay you in kind."

HERBERT REESE AND JOHN WILSON

Despite trouble and danger the Reese boys continued to date young ladies.

The Colorado River was over its banks and everyone was anxiously watching it and hoping that it would not be a disastrous overflow. Herbert Reese and his close friend John Wilson were double dating. As the boys reached the gate of the Traylor home, several men stepped from behind the immense live oak tree, which was in front of the Traylor home, and with drawn guns began to use abusive language, saying that they intended to kill both of them and throw them into the waters of the overflowing river. John said that he was so scared that he couldn't utter a sound, but that Hub just braced himself against the fence and cursed the whole lot for everything he could think of.

These goons evidently thought that Herbert was armed as they kept him covered during the entire harangue. Suddenly a figure stepped between the boys and the gang and cursing them for "jumping on this boy" broke up the row.

Again Jim Townsend had interceded in behalf of Herbert and his friend, but why? No one will ever know. However, he received the same answer from Herbert as he had received at the barber shop, also ending with, "Reese and I will some day repay you for this. We Reeses never fail to pay our obligations."

John said that with the last statement Herbert turned to him and said, "Come on Punk (John), let's go in and see our girls."

John said that he was not in a dating mood by then, but Hub didn't appear to be the least bit excited or worried.

Both boys returned to the Reese home after their dates and there was nothing more said about the affair.

The Townsend-Burford faction was in the saddle and how could you report to the ring-leader, Sheriff W. T. Burford?

THE PLEDGE

Again Walter Reese pledged himself, with his brother Herbert, to repay, J. G. Townsend in like manner for these

two "courtesies" and several years later he did repay him three times with a life for a life. At each meeting Walter told Jim Townsend that he was repaying him because of the times he had befriended Herbert. This he did twice and the third time he said, "Well, at last the Reeses have paid you back and one to boot. The next time we meet you better be ready to draw, because I shall not ask nor will I give quarter."

Jim Townsend carried his fighting to another county and was killed by a saloon keeper whom he also killed.

CATTLE THIEF

Herbert Reese, the youthful, jovial young blade with a magnetic personality, was enroute to Kansas with some cattle. He was not with the cattle train but was on the passenger train with a group of cattle kings. Presently he became tired and went into the smoker coach and decided that he was sleepy. Being gifted with that fine quality of sleeping quickly and easily, he stretched out on a seat and was soon in the arms of Morpheus. To keep the light from his eyes he placed his handkerchief over them, and what was his surprise when he heard gruff voices, and on sitting up quickly to see men with "gats" standing near and saying, "This is him. He fits the description. Come on boys let's hang him." Realizing that this was a case of mistaken identity this resourceful youth exerted his gift of magnetism and gaining their consent, sent for his friends who were still in another coach of the train. Of course, the identification was soon made and the "men with the gats" apologized and all danger was over.

Herbert would relate this affair with convincing realism and then in a teasing, bantering manner would say, "Mama, you came pretty near having your boy hanged for an ornery cattle thief. Boy those men really meant business."

A HARROWING EXPERIENCE

It was at the time that Herbert was on the above related "cattle trip" that Mrs. Reese, who was just up from

a severe illness, with her two young daughters, Sadie and Lillie, had a most harrowing experience. They were on the front porch of their home in Rosenberg (the Blair House) when the barking of their two little dogs caused them to arise and look over the banisters of the high porch to ascertain just what the little pups were so disturbed about. Imagine their horror when they saw a negro in the act of slipping up to the porch. Now Sadie was a good screamer and her mother told her to scream loudly and she did. They were without firearms and their house was on a block to itself. There was a nice neighbor across the street but to all appearances he was away from home. In running to the gate, Sadie continued screaming with each step. Lillian, the younger girl, caught her mother in her strong young arms and half carrying her gained the gate, where Sadie was still endeavoring to unlatch it, reached over Sadie's shoulder and unfastened the latch. The negro had jumped on the side fence and only ran when he heard the Constable, who lived a few blocks away, answer the screaming girl. In a very short time, men from all over town were gathered at the Reese home. Walter, who was at his place of business auditing his books was notified and came home immediately. The men then organized in small groups and searched for the culprit. The extreme excitement of this experience caused Mrs. Reese to have a relapse and she was quite ill for some time thereafter. Because of the uncertain moonlight, identification was almost next to impossible. A negro by name of Will was suspected and severely punished but he steadfastly denied all knowledge of the atrocity.

A strange sequel to this story, if we may draw a parallel, is that a few years later when the Reeses were again living in Columbus, this same negro Will, was shot and killed by the same Rosenberg constable (who answered the Reese girl's scream) when he attempted to assault the constable's pregnant wife.

Chapter XVII

BROTHERS

(1901-1902)

Between Walter Reese and his brother Herbert, there was a deep and abiding love, parallel to that of the Biblical love of David and Jonathan. Walter was the serious student and philosopher, while Herbert was a son of old Erin with the wit of The Emerald Isle in his tongue, and the sunlight of God in his soul.

When Herbert was born, Mr. Reese took the tiny form into his arms and calling Walter to him said, "Son, this is your little brother. You must love and guard him with your life." Again the old Reese code was in order and Walter, who never forgot a promise, kept that order intact so long as he lived. As the years rolled around, Herbert used to playfully say, "Reese (that is what he called his brother) thinks he is the grandpa of us all."

ELECTIONEERING

It was this gay young man who did the scouting during the political meetings and saw that "no one put anything over Reese." Also, it was Herbert whom all peoples loved; who was a general favorite with the German speaking people of Colorado County. He would go from group to group, and in his clever, jovial manner gain much political power and many votes for his candidate, W. E. Bridge, whom the Reeses, with the better element of thinking folks in the county, believed to be the right man for the office of Sheriff. At every political meeting or gathering, these two bold, intelligent, well dressed, good looking young men would be

present and they would discuss the political questions of the day. Walter was the public speaker and had a knack of swaying the crowd of listeners with the music of his voice and the earnestness of his oratory. Herbert did the personal work, watched the enemy and was constantly on the alert for any sign of trickery. And these two brothers worked together, hand in hand, until the task they started was finished. The people of the County were most favorably impressed with their quiet, serious orderly manners and interesting talks; and it was conceded that through the sons of Sam Reese wielding their personal influence in the community and surrounding county, they caused W. E. Bridge to be elected to the office of Sheriff of Colorado County.

There was always an element of danger in this work. The Reese brothers derived much pleasure working against and outwitting their enemies. The real sufferer during this campaign was the mother, who wept many bitter tears while her boys were away; always remembering the picture of the rigid and cold form of her beloved husband and praying continually that this would not happen to her two sons. She knew the loss of one would entail the loss of the other for they would fight to the finish and but for the intervention of Providence would go down together. While she knew they were outnumbered ten to one, Mrs. Reese never interefered with their plans, nor did she ever let them see her weeping. She was a Spartan mother.

THE OFFICE OF SHERIFF

These verses were written by John Walter Reese in the year 1902 and were recited at various electoral gatherings when this young man took the stump for his father's friend, W. E. Bridge, who was a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Colorado County.

Despite the many attempts to intimidate and murder this young man; he defied his enemies and continued to stump the county and relate the misdeeds of the incumbent (Sheriff W. T. Burford) at large gatherings of voters and was made very happy when the returns of the election proved that Bridge was elected to this office, November 4, 1902. The

writer and speaker was well known through Colorado County and adjacent counties as "Walter the fearless." He was the elder son of Sam H. Reese, ex-sheriff of Colorado County, who met his death on the streets of Columbus, March 16, 1899.

Walter's brother always called him "Reese," and he called Herbert "Son." His older sister called him "John" and after the advent of grandchildren in the Reese family, another sister also called him "John." But the younger sister never addressed him by any other name than "Walter." Herbert was called at times by his father "Dick 'Ooten," while his relatives and friends frequently called him "Hub," but his family in general called him "Herbert." He was universally known by the sobriquet "Little Captain" and the colored people usually used that title when addressing him. Both brothers were devoted to their widowed mother and also to their family. It does seem a miracle that these two audacious youths could have lived through so many tight spots, but God was with them and had heard their Mother's prayers.

POLITICAL SPEECHES BY WALTER REESE 1902

"Friends: Colorado County is in a bad way. The sheriff doesn't even try to keep the peace. He has deputies who go out to kill good citizens and lay-way on the road for the sole purpose of murdering good citizens. Take this in consideration. On the 19th of November, 1898, W. T. Burford was sworn in as sheriff of old Colorado County. He then swore in at least twenty-five deputies who began to create fights; and those deputies did all they could, all the time, to get to kill somebody. They would get drunk and abuse good, honest citizens. On the 16th day of March, 1899, a crowd of deputy sheriffs murdered two good citizens. I refer to the killing of Sam Reese who was sheriff of this county for several years. The other killing was Mr. Charles Boehme, a German farmer of Bernard Prairie. This was, my friends, on the eve of dusk on the streets of our county seat, Columbus, Texas.

In April, 1899, deputy sheriffs again set about to kill

someone. Dick Reese, a brother of Sam Reese, who was partially paralyzed, was the victim this time. He was being driven to Columbus by a colored man by name of Dick Gant. When they neared the east Colorado River Bridge, a crowd of deputy sheriffs began shooting into the buggy. Both Mr. Reese and his colored driver, Dick Gant, were killed—shot in the back! After the shooting was over, men went to the jail and tried to get Burford to go over and see to the affair; it being the duty of Burford who was sheriff of Colorado County; but he said "No" he wouldn't go. He and about twenty-five men were in the jail with shotguns, rifles and pistols. Now we want a sheriff who is not interested in this trouble. We want a man who will act right with both white and black.

Now there is Will Clements, a deputy sheriff. He went to take a colored boy to jail and the boy was shot through the back, killing him. Now we don't want a sheriff who has deputies going around killing people and burning up peoples' houses. We want a man who will go ahead and do his duty, regardless of friends, enemies or color. Do not vote for a man who is always having good men killed. W. E. Bridge is the man for sheriff. He will put a stop to all these killings and lawlessness.

Before a large crowd of both white and colored voters, Walter Reese made the above speech and then with a courtly bow, and in his suave gentlemanly manner and cultured voice began:

"Listen my friends to reason
And correct me if I'm wrong;
While I close my story
In verse and spoken song."

Then with a low bow for the storm of applause that followed this entree, he further recited:

"Reese was a sheriff bold,
For four years or more;
He always did his duty—
People could ask no more.
The people in Sam Reese
Much confidence they had;
Enemies to law and order,

When he was killed were glad.
The rich, the poor, both white and black
He stood firmly to protect;
Reese belonged to no click nor clan
And duty he would ne'er neglect.
He kept no hired speakers
His fair record to explain;
To chase over the county
In buggies and on trains.
The people had protection,
They slept with open doors;
Reese was re-elected
On his record as before.
Reese was defeated and murdered
By Burford and his men;
No ask for re-election
With blood stains on his hands!
You know Sam Reese was murdered!
By Will Burford's paid henchmen
That he has insulted Reese's widow,
And has tried to kill his sons.
So my friends pay no attention
To Burford's claim of "self defense;"
For did he not add the murder of
Dick Reese and the negro Gant?
Around Bridge's cause should rally
You who love protection;
And do not be bulldozed
On the day of election."

These verses added to the oratorical powers with which this gifted speaker was endowed was one of the deciding factors in the election of Dick Bridge for sheriff of Colorado County, November 4, 1902.

Although repeatedly threatened by the enemy, Walter and Herbert Reese continued to go from place to place, encountering much danger; enjoying the thrill of outwitting the enemy and coming out unscathed. Both young men have repeatedly said that because of the complete abstention of alcoholic beverages they could more readily outwit the enemy.

WALTER REESE SPEAKS AGAIN FOR W. E. BRIDGE

To the citizens of Colorado County.

The reason we should vote against W. T. Burford for sheriff.

During the administration of Light Townsend as sheriff of Colorado County for twelve years, and Sam Reese for four years, a man or woman was safe on the streets of Columbus at any time, night or day. People were not afraid to go any place they wanted to go. No mobs of assassins were seen ready to commit a dastardly murder such as W. T. Burford, the present sheriff of Colorado County, has tolerated since he has been in office. It is not uncommon to see armed men in Columbus night or day, ready to execute the orders of Burford, no matter how low or dirty. This goes to show that a dirty low set of men are being paid to commit these murders. He had qualified for sheriff of Colorado County only four months when he had ex-sheriff Sam Reese killed. To prove this to you: When Sam Reese was killed by Marcus Townsend, Will Clements, Marian Hope and others; Burford was afraid to come to town and sent Robert Westmoreland. This was after Reese was removed home. Telling Westmoreland he was afraid someone would kill him. Now this proves he had a hand in it or he would not have been afraid.

Of course, my friends, a guilty conscience needs no accuser. It is said that W. T. Burford did not come on the streets for several days; even after the Rangers came. A request by a number of the best citizens was presented to Burford to discharge his present deputies in Columbus, except Robert Westmoreland. This he agreed to do. He told Adjutant General Scurry and Captain Seiker of the State Rangers that he would discharge all of his present deputies in Columbus, except Robert Westmoreland, but when the time came for him to discharge them, he denied making any such promise. So General Scurry was called. Again he went to Burford and told him of his promise. Burford denied to General Scurry that he had ever made such a promise, and the General hurled the lie at him in the presence of a great many citizens of Columbus. Burford did not resent the in-

sult. He took it as all cowards do. So in less than two months after this had occurred, Burford had a crowd of ten or fifteen men at the jail and under the instruction of his legal adviser, Marcus Townsend, planned to get Dick Reese, a brother of Sam Reese. Everything ready, they all went to the bridge east of the jail at Columbus and there they waited in concealment, believing Dick Reese was going to come to Columbus that night, as he was in Alleyton. About eight o'clock Dick Reese started for Columbus, accompanied by his colored driver. When they reached within twenty feet of the bridge, they were fired upon by the gang—killing Dick Reese instantly. The negro, Dick Gant, jumped out of the buggy and began running. They caught him and he began begging for mercy. They shot him several times, tearing his head to pieces. A son of County Treasurer Joe Burtschell's, found a piece of the negro's skull the next day.

After the shooting they went to the jail and denied any knowledge of the assassination until next day. They then decided to let two of the most good for nothing and trifling men take it upon themselves; so Jim Townsend and Step Yates said they did it in self defense. Of course, they emphatically denied it, as did W. T. Burford, the sheriff of Colorado County.

After that murder they were still not satisfied, so Will Clements goes out and another negro is killed. We have it from good authority that this last negro killed was only a boy, but was a material witness against Burford in the assassination at the bridge of Dick Reese and Dick Gant.

“Now friends, let us reason together;

We are not here to discuss the weather.

Election day is drawing near,

Listen to the truth as I tell it here.

There was a man both brave and true,

He did his duty by me and you.

That man was your sheriff—Sam Houston Reese

He cleaned your county of murderers and thieves.

Reese dealt in justice,

Was the poor man's friend;

And gave of his bounty to

Unscrupulous men.

He never shirked duty
He went at first call!
Kept Colorado County criminals
Continually on the ball.
Through jealousy and envy
They planned to get Reese;
This fine sheriff and officer
Who kept the peace.
You know that Hope was murdered;
They tried to frame Reese by
Insinuations and whispers
But didn't get to first base.
So Mark Townsend ran Will Burford
(His wealthy brother-in-law)
For the honorable office of sheriff;
And slyly licked his paws.
Compare Will Burford's record
With that of your former friend;
Sam Reese kept his name spotless
While Burford's is linked with sin!
Sam Reese was defeated and murdered
By this same gang of men;
As was Dick Reese and others.
Also Gant and Charley Boehme!
Now you know Sam Reese was murdered!
By Burford's dirty bunch;
They've insulted Reese's widow
And are trying to kill her sons.
Even while I stand here before you;
My father's friends and mine;
The air is charged with danger—
My enemies are behind.
They stand ready to shoot me down
(The dirty cowardly dogs)
While I deliver my message,
They lie hiding in the logs.
If you want peace and order,
There's just one thing to do;
Go to the polls on Tuesday
And vote your conscience true.

Dick Bridge is a good clean officer,
He'll treat you people right.
When he's elected sheriff
There'll be no more "murder fights."
You can walk the sidewalks of Columbus
Do your Saturday trading in peace;
Without having to dodge "hot bullets"
From murderers on the streets,
So my friends pay no attention
To the Townsend-Burford clan!
For they'll continue their lawlessness,
As long as ever they can.
Now around Dick Bridge's cause,
Good people rally;
Cast your votes strong for Bridge,
Then watch the tally.
If you love law and order,
Peace and protection;
You'll not be bulldozed on Tuesday
The big day of election.

THE COWARDLY KILLING OF CHARLES BOEHME

It is good to be speaking before this good, clean and industrious farming people who know that their friend and kinsman was murdered by a deputy sheriff under W. T. Burford.

On March 16, 1899, Charles Boehme, a German and highly respected citizen of Bernard Prairie, Colorado County, was in Columbus trading. His family being with him. After getting through with his trading, he went down to Brunson's Saloon, intending to see Mr. Reese on some business. At that moment shooting began. Mr. Boehme started toward his wagon in which his wife and children were seated. Will Clements, began shooting, hitting him once. The ball penetrated his entire body, killing him almost instantly before the eyes of his wife and children. Such dastardly murders as this one will continue in Colorado County as long as W. T. Burford is sheriff.

There is but one way to rid the county of low degrading

deputies who glory in killing good citizens and that is "Vote For a Good Honest Man for Sheriff" who will discharge his duty to the letter of the law, and who will have for deputies only reliable, substantial and brave men. So on the 4th of November, 1902, go to the polls and vote for W. E. Bridge for the office of sheriff of Colorado County. At the conclusion of this Reese again recited some verses :

"Listen my friends to reason
And correct me if I'm wrong ;
While I close my story,
In verse and spoken song.
Sam Reese was a sheriff bold
For four years or more ;
He always did his duty
People could ask no more.
The people in Sam Reese,
Much confidence they had
Enemies to law and order
When he was dead were glad.
He kept no hired speakers,
His fair record to explain ;
To chase around the county,
In buggies and on the trains.
The rich, the poor, both white and black
He stood firmly to protect ;
He belonged to no click nor clan ;
Reese was an officer, and his own man.
The German, Bohemian and American man
Were treated all alike ;
There were no "accidental deaths"
For farmers, white or black.
Your country man and former friend
Was trading in a town ;
When a traitor's bullet sped toward him
And plowed him to the ground.
That man was Charley Boehme,
A voter of good repute ;
He stood for law and order
And cast his vote for Reese.
The negro Gant was killed they claim

In a little accidental manner ;
But all intelligent citizens know
That this is a lot of clamor.
My friends, you come to Columbus,
It is your county seat ;
You'd like to talk to people
Whom on the street you meet.
But if you stop there's danger,
You feel it in the air ;
And you're apt to be shot down—
As Boehme was—I ask you,
Is it fair ?
Now Reese was defeated and murdered
Yet Burford and his men ;
Now ask for re-election ;
With blood stains on his hands !
You know Sam Reese was murdered
By henchmen who were paid ;
That he has insulted Reese's widow,
And tried to kill his sons.
So my friends, pay no attention
To Burford's claim of self-defense.
For did he not add the murders of
Dick Reese, and the negro Gant ?
Around Bridge's cause should rally,
You who love law and protection ;
And do not be bulldozed on
Tuesday, the day of election.

This address was given the evening before the election at Bernard Prairie, the place where the murdered German farmer lived, and these good substantial men of German extraction voted solidly for Bridge on Tuesday, November 4, 1902. Bridge was elected.

STEPHEN MURRAY

There was a negro by name of Stephen Murray who was a staunch friend of the Reeses, and who loved the Reese brothers devotedly. When the Reese boys decided to stump the the county for candidate W. E. Bridge, this faithful,

loyal friend came to the Reese home and said, "Of course, Mr. Walter, I know that if you and Mr. Hub have made up your minds to electioneer for Mr. Bridge, nothing's going to stop you. But I want you to know, Mr. Walter, that I'll be right there and ready and willing to fight with you and Mr. Hub." Both of the Reese boys tried to deter Steve from this decision but he was not to be swerved from his avowed purpose. Therefore and thereafter, Murray attended each of these campaign tours and it was he who would bring reports from the colored section. Also, he could pick up much information and relay it to the Reeses.

At this last "rally for sheriff speech" by Walter Reese, the Townsends, Burfords, Clements, Hope etc., were much incensed and were trying to make plans whereby they could frame Walter and Herbert by creating a disturbance. Murray happened to overhear part of this plan and as he started to the platform where Walter was standing in full view of everyone present, Will Clements and Marian Hope accosted him. Herbert had been watching these men and as they stopped Murray, Herbert slipped up behind them—ready to fight it out if necessary. Hope asked the negro what he was doing here with the Reese boys. Murray replied that he was here as a voting citizen and that he was a friend to the Reeses, and furthermore that he stood ready to die for or with them if anything started. At this juncture, Herbert stepped forward and facing the cowardly bunch said, "Stay with them Steve. You're in the right and if any one of this - - - - cowardly bunch try to hurt you, I'm here to defend you." Now Walter Reese had just closed his address. Seeing his brother and Murray facing the feudal crowd, he also came on and took his position by the side of the negro and said "Anybody here want to talk to me?" At this the crowd of people at the meeting were being alerted to the fact that there seemed about to be some shooting trouble. Several of the men in the audience that were friends of the Reeses came forward, and the big bullies turned and slunk away. When the Reese boys told Murray that he should not have taken such a stand, he replied, "I may have to die with you, but one thing sure I'll never have to face Mr. Sam Reese with the knowledge that I ran away rather than fight with his

boys." Later, when this fine colored friend moved to Houston, he became an excellent masseur and plied his trade only among the wealthy white people of that city. The Reese boys were fortunate in having staunch friends among the better element of both the white and colored races.

EXCURSION

It was very fashionable for young people to go on "excursions." Mrs. Sam Reese seldom allowed her daughters to indulge in this sort of entertainment, but one day Herbert gained his mother's consent to take "Sug" (his sister Lillian) to San Antonio on one of these excursion trains to attend the San Jacinto celebration known as the "Battle of Flowers." The Reeses at that time were living in Yoakum, Texas.

A large crowd of boys and girls were at the depot when the couple arrived and they were soon in the midst of this happy throng. Soon the train pulled in and everyone made a dash for the coaches. As Herbert with his sister and several other girls, joined the crowd, a negro wearing a cap pushed right against them. As full of kindness as he was of fun, Herbert sang out gayly, "Look out Cap. Step aside for the ladies." And thought nothing more about it. For some unexplained reason Lillian felt an urge to watch that coon, and as he made a dash to Herbert with a large Dallas special knife she called, "Look out Hub." Now the negro was directly behind them and he quickly pinioned the arms of the surprised Herbert to his side. But in the same instant, Lillian sprang like a tigress to her brother's defense; leaped at the throat of the assailant and began choking him with all her strength. Herbert was endeavoring to get his hands loose, but this was impossible because the negro was not only a large man, but was determined to kill this white youth. Lillie kept choking the negro by clasping both her hands tight around his throat and swinging her body. This at least kept the negro from being able to use his knife, but he still held tight to Herbert. The other girls screamed and ran for help. Some white men came to the scene and did the most idiotic thing! They tore the negro's grasp from Herbert but instead

of holding him, they held Herbert, and the negro quite naturally ran and hid. The explanation of this was that they loved Herbert and hated to see him kill the negro as it would only get him into trouble. How? Herbert was unarmed.

WALTER REESE ON THE JOB

The negro got away. The crowd went to San Antonio, but someone went to the Reese home and told Walter about the affair. He immediately went down to investigate and soon learned from another negro, who loved the Reese boys, the full name and occupation of the culprit. Then another negro, whom the Reese boys had befriended, told Walter where he could find the fiend. Walter found him all right and after dressing him off properly made him leave Yoakum with this admonition, "If I ever catch you in town again I'll kill you on sight. The negro was glad enough to escape with his life.

Chapter XVIII

THE SKATING RINK

June 30, 1906

Herbert Reese, the youth who was loved by all who knew him, was a marvelous dancer and expert skater as well. He had been seriously ill for some time but was on the "up and around" and gradually gaining his strength day by day. Dr. Bob Harrison, the family physician, forbade Herbert the pleasure of smoking, dancing, skating or any other strenuous physical exercise. Nevertheless, Herbert liked watching his many friends "at the sport" and when he and his brother Walter returned from their round of inspecting the farms, he said, "Come on Reese, let's go to the rink and watch the fun." Walter declined as he had to audit his books, and too, he wasn't especially interested in this mode of entertainment.

Dr. Joe F. Lessing (a brother-in-law of the Reese boys) was in his dental office, which was located over the Simpson Bank, corner of Milam and Walnut streets, and being unoccupied for the moment walked to the window and looked down the street. Imagine his surprise when he saw the Clements brothers with Marian Hope, Townsend, Red Burford and other members of the feudal enemy slipping around carrying long guns. He immediately sent a note to Walter warning him to be careful; that the whole bunch of his enemies were in town and armed to the teeth.

After reading the note, Walter walked into his room, took down his Winchester and began loading it. At this moment he heard his brother Herbert say, "Sug, where's Reese? Get me a shot gun and fill it with buckshot. A bunch of papa's murderers jumped me at the skating rink. I was unarmed but I told them that I would meet them in front

of the rink, and I will." Walter had walked quietly into the room and placing his arm affectionately around the shoulders of his young brother (whose shirt was slashed in many places) asked, "What's the matter, Son?" Then Herbert related very rapidly, and in short sentences, the story of his indignity. He was in his shirt sleeves. He rode to the rink; dismounted, and on entering the building walked up to the rail to watch the skaters. He had one foot on the rail and was kidding with the skaters when Marian Hope (a big 200 pound oaf) with the Clements men, accosted him, striking and otherwise trying to maltreat him. They had their knives and guns—Herbert had only his fists and a strong fighting heart. However, he did not hesitate a minute and had it not been for his quick and lithe movements and his ability to use his fists, he undoubtedly would have been killed. Eyewitnesses said that those killers tried repeatedly to knife Herbert but that his movements were so rapid that the enemy was afraid they might injure each other.

However, Herbert's shirt and sleeves were slashed into ribbons! He did manage to get loose from his tormentors and shaking his small fist at them he shouted, "You g-d - - - cowardly bastards, I'm going home and get my gun and then we can fight it out like men." Then he said, "Meet me right here in front of the rink." Marian Hope replied, "We'll be right here when you come." It took only a few minutes for Herbert to relate the story. All this time his sister was loading the repeating shotgun's magazine with buckshot shells. Walter showed no sign of anger or excitement. Only by the blazing wrath exhibited in his steel-gray eyes could anyone have guessed the depth of this young man's feelings.

It was the first time in his life that Herbert had ever been subjected to such humiliation and he was consumed with righteous indignation. Walter said in his low, quiet voice, "All right Son. We'll get them, but they will never wait openly for us. Come, let us reason. There are but two of us against maybe fifteen or twenty of them. Let us use strategy this time. They will probably get us, but we will sell high and there will be weeping and wailing among that bunch too." Herbert was outraged at the mere suggestion and vehemently exclaimed, "Reese, you are my brother. Aren't

you going with me?" Walter's answer was instant, "To the death." Herbert replied, "Then we must do it my way." Walter gave the old Reese laugh and said, "Your way, Son." Then laughing and embracing they exclaimed simultaneously, "What're we waiting for? Let's go!"

WALTER TRIED TO INVOKE THE OLD REESE RULE

It is further true that Walter insisted on leading and that Herbert protested indignantly, "No, Reese. I'm going to lead. It is my fight." Then the soft answer, "Sure, Son. It's your fight but I am the elder and the oldest Reese men always lead." Thereupon they continued to walk side by side.

It is a recorded fact that the Reese brothers warned everyone they passed to get off the streets as there was going to be some trouble. Mrs. Charles Brunson (a neighbor of the Reeses) said that Walter told her, "Mrs. Brunson, you had better go inside your house. I'm afraid there's going to be trouble and you may get hurt." Mrs. Nannie Andrus also said that Herbert warned her to go inside her house. It is a further recorded fact that these two brave young men marched boldly up to the rink and that George Martin, who was hiding under the stairway of the old Stafford Opera House told them that their enemies had gone down Milam street and were in concealment. This good friend had been among the skaters and was risking his life by waiting for the Reese boys to come (for come he knew they would) so that he could warn them of the enemy movements. They thanked George and both of these young men walked rapidly down the main sidewalks of Columbus in open view, and an easy target for the enemy; looking from right to left and trying to locate their foes.

When they reached the Franz Saloon, which was located near the Hamburger Store, there was a fusillade of shots directed from hidden quarters at them. Walter leaped in front of his brother Herbert, taking the first bullets in his groin. Because he was taller than his brother, this probably saved "Hub's" life. It was related by a hidden by-stander that he heard Walter laugh and say, "They punctured me that time, Son. Are you hurt?" and that the younger boy

immediately responded in his lilting, gleeful voice, "They shot me too, Reese, but I don't give a damn."

There was a continuous din of shells exploding. No one knows how many were fired and how many people were participating in the shooting. From Marcus Townsend's office came a stream of firing and Walter methodically sent tracers at this place. It was reported that one bullet came so close to Howard Townsend's head that he fell on the floor and screamed that he was killed. (He wasn't hurt, no-sir-ree-no).

KILLING OF HIRAM CLEMENTS

Seeing Hiram Clements hiding behind the tree which was on the Walnut Street south of the Simpson Bank and taking aim at the Reese boys, Dr. Lessing called to him to "drop that gun." Instead of obeying the order, Hiram turned the gun on the Doctor and there was nothing the Doctor could do but shoot him. At the ringing of the shot, Herbert said, "That's Joe speaking, Reese" and Walter replied, "I hear him."

EXCERPT FROM *HOUSTON POST*

The Reese boys suffered no shock from their wounds and are not considered to be in a dangerous condition. Walter had a very close call, the bullet missing his femoral artery half an inch. They are attended by Dr. J. W. Harrison. As soon as the firing lulled, Constable John E. Hester formed a cordon of men about the Reese boys to prevent further firing at them and in this manner accompanied them to their home. Both were able to walk.

ARRESTED

Later Dr. Lessing was arrested and accused of the killing of Clements and the Reese boys were also arrested. Bond was immediately made. Bondsmen signing for Herbert and Walter and Dr. Lessing were: Joe Burtschell, county treasurer; Henry R. Byars, ex-county tax collector; J. J. Odom, merchant; J. J. Hamburger, merchant; W. R. Sronce, farmer and stockman and S. K. Seymour, lumberman. The Reese

boys bond being \$500 each and Dr. Lessing's for \$2,000. There were many offers from prominent citizens from all over the county to sign the Reese-Lessing bonds.

As usual these men were never tried, as the cases were either quashed or continued and the men were left to settle their own differences. Would you have called this a street duel, or even a street battle with only these two courageous young men in the open fighting the concealed enemy? Columbus people voiced their indignation and plainly showed that they were definitely in sympathy with the Reese boys and Dr. Lessing.

AN EYE-WITNESS

While Lillian Reese had been admonished by her brothers to stay with their mother, she saw Susie Sanford (a colored girl) and asked her to remain with Mrs. Reese. Then she slipped out of the house and running rapidly was able to see the whole affair. It is the one thing that is indelibly implanted in her mind. For she saw her two beloved brothers walking in the middle of the sidewalk and openly defying the enemy to come out and fight. However, firing began on them when they were directly in front (not inside the door) of the Franz Saloon!

ARE YOU IN VERY MUCH PAIN?

While the Reese boys were being treated for gunshot wounds their younger sister asked Herbert if he was in very much pain, and with twinkling eyes and gay laughter bubbling o'er he promptly replied, "Hell no, Sug, I'm going to tell you something. If they had shot me to pieces I still would not have uttered a groan. REESES are white men, not yellow like that dirty murdering bunch." Then in a more serious and contemplative mood he continued, "If only they'd come out in the open and fight like men! But they are always the hidden enemy."

Upon recovery from his wounds, Walter Reese visited with the mother of Dr. Joe F. Lessing expressing his sincere sympathy for her in that she also was the mother of

Marian Hope (by a former marriage), and consequently would have divided sympathies.

Dr. Lessing's father, a devout Christian Methodist, was a loyal supporter of the Reeses and spoke out without fear of the Townsend-Burford faction.

LAWLESSNESS AND CRIME

(July, 1906)

The above subject was ably and earnestly presented at the First Baptist Church in this city July 15, 1906, by the pastor Rev. George M. Parker. That its good effects may be more widespread, at the instance of several people, including ourselves, the reverend gentleman has kindly prepared in condensed form the sermon delivered on above named date for publication, and same follows:

Subject: "Lawlessness and Crime."

Text: "The men of Sodom were wicked and sinful before the Lord, exceedingly." (Gen. 13:13)

When the Christ came there appearing to the shepherds who were upon the plains with their flock; an angel, in company with a great number of the heavenly hosts who, having announced the birth of their prince, in song announced the great purpose of his coming; and this is the song they sang: "Peace on earth, good will among men." The consummation of this purpose should be a most delightful vision for men to see, and an end toward which their best efforts should be directed. But, however delightful to our minds the vision may be, or strong our hope of its realization, my text turns our eyes away to be confronted with a condition as much to be deplored as the other is to be desired.

The text tersely declares the City of Sodom to be in a state of lawless wickedness—so that it lay prostrate in the grip of the criminal element. History repeats itself, which statement is demonstrated by the conditions now existing almost everywhere. I ask you to now consider:

I. The prevalence of the spirit of lawlessness.

It is not confined to the low strata of life. Not alone in the slums does its destructive spirit reign, but, accepting the press as a safe course and vehicle of

information, this relentless monster boldly asserts his power over the wary men who are the makers and administrators of our laws—which in themselves are good and adequate to their purpose.

Only time is permitted me this morning to mention a very few of the laws which this diabolical spirit, stalking abroad in our midst, with relentless hands lays violent grip upon. With impunity the flag of peace is dragged from its rightful place and trampled upon by unhallowed feet.

1. The law provides that every person shall live in the fullest enjoyment of all rightful privileges without fear or hindrance, and untroubled of others, pursue his chosen vocation. The almost daily records of trespass upon the rights of peaceable citizens appearing in our newspapers, not to mention what passes before our own vision, convinces us that for respect for the law in this particular is a thing of the past.
2. The law prohibits gambling. Yet in city, town and country, with brazen affrontery, men and boys—and sometimes women, so I am told, set this law aside, to the utter ruin of the social, as well as the political fabric.
3. The universal disregard of the law forbidding the carrying of pistols is patent even to a blind man. The pistol carrier is a menace to the peace and happiness of the community which furnishes the arena for his exploits, and is as sorry an advertisement of the town as is his gun of his own manhood. "Thou shalt do no murder" has come to be a meaningless statute. Human life has become so cheap that it is of less value than that of a yearling calf. The slightest pretext becomes a bulwark of safety for men who desire to wreck their vengeance upon their fellows, from behind which they shoot them down or otherwise rid themselves of their presence—not unfrequently causing the most innocent persons to give up their lives "to feed the insatiate

maw" of human revenge. These violations of law occur continuously in many places right in view of our officers, and the perpetrators of these crimes go unpunished of justice.

II. The effect on the life of a community when conditions like these obtain can but be indescribably bad.

You may take a town, the most beautiful from every viewpoint—beautiful for situation, beautiful in its surroundings, and made up of a people fair and accomplished as to its women; intelligent and noble in character as to its men—if it allows a lawless and criminal element to ingraft upon a community, two things will happen. It will not be long till the latter will find itself dominated by the former, and there will soon appear a fruitage so baneful and disastrous that palpable deterioration will follow in every department of its life—socially, religiously and commercially.

I will risk the assertion that there is nothing more clear than the decay in all three departments in a town so afflicted. The social life, putting it as the cooing of the turtle dove, will be strained. The religious life will waste until the churches will first cease to be exponents of righteousness, then the role of apologists for sin, and finally be thought of only as ecclesiastical corpses.

Not even Columbus, with all its beauty and stalwart character, could withstand so terrible an assault upon its life as the criminal acts of a lawless element would bring upon her. And I pause here to say that not in all my life has it been my privilege to see a more beautiful town than this one. The situation is lovely; the approaches from every quarter bring to view scenery unsurpassed; the courthouse, with its grounds form a picture not to be forgotten; her broad streets, running between rows of vine-clad and rose-embowered cottages, reminds one of his dreams of Eden; and what shall be said of these majestic oaks — the children of the centuries — festooned with moss, and forming a most pictur-

esque setting for the whole? Only to contemplate their grandeur fills the soul with thoughts of God. To undertake to describe the brightness and beauty of her women would be an impossible task, and I will only say: "Every Matron is a Queen, and every Miss a Princess." Of her men I have only good to say. No greater pleasure would be mine than to say of them: "Every man is a Man."

Would this fair city retain all these attractive features and establish prosperity throughout her borders? Then her people must awaken and drive back this whelming flood that with oncoming tide threatens her ruin. This brings me to ask you to consider.

III. The Cure for Conditions of Lawlessness.

A condition like this is not incurable. But if those whose duty it is to apply the remedy, fail or refuse to do so, the patient will surely die. Sodom was not without a remedy, but failing to use it, was destroyed.

To bring relief to a situation like that which confronts the people today, is no mere child's play than it was in Sodom's time. "Yet now there is hope in Israel concerning this thing." Of course, the remedy, in a general way, for all criminal conditions of society, is in the rigid enforcement of the law—compelling men to respect the majesty and obey its mandates and inflicting penalty upon those who flagrantly violate its behests. There must be no straining at gnats and swallowing camels in this either. Tithing the mint and coming to the neglect of the weightier things in matters of obedience to, and enforcement of the law is as when the Christ delivered his withering rebuke to the Pharasees. Men are selected to certain offices for the express purpose of maintaining law and order. These men are to see that no lawlessness or criminal conditions fasten upon the community; or, finding such conditions, they are to apply the remedy. They must protect the good and punish the bad. But the best

officers are powerless unless they are backed by a healthy, vigorous public sentiment. A wholesome, determined public sentiment, marching forth in its majesterial robes, is the only thing before whose martial tread desperadoes and toughs—including the town bully will flee. But when this is aroused and taken a determined stand for law and order, giving assurance of loyal backing to the officers in performing the functions of their office, then, if the men in office be the right sort, law breakers will be brought to judgment. But when the officers either cannot or will not lead out to suppress evil and bring the evil doer to justice, then the people, who are the creators of government, should take matters in their own hands and use such methods as the law allows for the utter wiping out of the evil and the permanent suppression of the evil-doer. In either event a Law and Order League is no bad thing to have in a community—even of the most orderly sort.

However, the only specific for changing the conditions in the heart of the evil doer himself is regeneration and working faith in Him who said, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for My yoke is easy and My burden is light, and ye shall find rest unto your soul."

CITIZENS MASS MEETING THURSDAY (1906)

Posters signed "Many Citizens" calling a mass meeting of our citizens to congregate in the courthouse in this city at 9 o'clock last Thursday morning to discuss ways and means for the betterment of existing conditions, brought together at the designated time and place between 250 and 300 of our representative citizens, among whom we were pleased to see a number of ladies. J. W. Towell and O. H. Lutz were elected chairman and secretary. Apropos talks were made by Judge

Kennon, the Rev. G. M. Parker, G. H. Little, Sr., and others, and at the instance and suggestion of the former, the chair appointed Geo. M. Parker, Geo. H. Little, Sr., J. W. Towell, J. J. Odom and C. R. Grobe, Esq., a committee to draft resolutions expressing the sentiment of our people in regard to recent occurrences in our town. The committee was instructed to begin their labors instantly and to report to the meeting at 2 o'clock.

The following report was brought in and adopted:

Columbus, Texas, July 19, 1906

To the Chairman and Citizens in Mass Meeting Assembled:

We, your committee appointed to draft resolutions expressing the sentiment of the citizens of Columbus relative to the recent occurrences in our midst, beg leave to report the following:

WHEREAS, the recent occurrences have caused great business depression in our town, and seriously threatens the future prosperity, socially and morally, as well as commercially, of our town and the entire county; and,

WHEREAS, the factional trouble existing in our midst have already cost the lives of several of our citizens who have taken no part in the difficulties; and,

WHEREAS, a continuance of the said acts of violence endangers the life of every citizen of our community, and is a menace to the peace, prosperity and welfare of our town and community in every respect; therefore, be it resolved:

1st. That we, the citizens of Columbus in mass meeting assembled, greatly deplore the recent occurrences, and hereby unreservedly condemn same.

2nd. RESOLVED further, that we, the citizens of Columbus, in behalf of the peace, prosperity and welfare of our fair city, and the entire county, appertaining to the participants in the recent disturbances, and to their sympathizers, to desist from further acts of violence and lawlessness, that the differences existing between them may be legally and amicably adjusted without further bloodshed; to the end that lives of our

- citizens may no longer be endangered; that the business depression that now holds our town in its grasp may be lifted, and that the spirit of progress and development recently entered upon may be continued until it reaches that degree of prosperity and success to which the town is naturally so admirably adapted.
- 3rd. RESOLVED further, that a committee of three persons who are friendly with both sides of those involved in the difficulties be appointed to confer with the said parties in an effort to persuade and induce the said parties to sign written pledges and obligations to desist from further affrays and acts of violence in our town or in any public place.
- 4th. RESOLVED further, that we appeal to the citizens of our town to allow no one to store firearms or offensive weapons of any kind in their store-houses, offices, places of business, or in any place under their control where same may be easily accessible in the event of a difficulty arising.
- 5th. RESOLVED, that we hereby condemn and denounce the carrying of pistols, and also the carrying of loaded firearms of any kind on the streets of our town, and we hereby appeal to the peace officers of our county to rigidly enforce the law denouncing the carrying of pistols, and to arrest and bring to speedy punishment every person found violating said law.
- 6th. Realizing to existing circumstances it, at the present time, is practically impossible for our local peace officers to deal with the situation and preserve the peace. RESOLVED, that we request and appeal to the governor of Texas to appoint and station in Columbus one of the State Rangers, to remain so long as necessity may require.
- 7th. RESOLVED further, that we hereby pledge to our peace officers our most hearty sympathy, co-operation and support in the enforcement of all laws, and especially that against the unlawful carrying of pistols, and in the carrying out of the sentiments and purposes of these resolutions.
- 8th. RESOLVED, that your committee suggests that if

these resolutions shall meet with your approbation and adoption, every citizen present so voting affix his signature to the same, and that a copy be furnished our county papers for publication.

9th. RESOLVED, that the mayor and city council of the city of Columbus be, and they are hereby urgently requested to immediately re-establish the office of city marshall, and either to appoint an incumbent or to order a special election to fill said office, as they may deem the more expedient. All of which is respectfully submittted.

George M. Parker

George H. Little, Sr.

J. W. Towell

Committee

J. J. Odom

C. R. Grobe

CITY COUNCIL IGNORES CITIZENS PETITION

After the adoption of above, the chair appointed M. Kennon, George H. Little, Sr., George M. Parker, Joe R. Wooten and Lee Ayars a committee to wait upon the city council in regard to Resolution No. 9. The committee got up a communication for the purpose and presented same, together with a petition signed by 125 or more representative citizens, to the board, who immediately and without ceremony turned the communication down—totally ignoring the simple request of the people.

Chairman Towell called a re-assembling of the people at the courthouse at 9 o'clock last Tuesday morning, and when the fact of the rejection by the council of the people's request was announced, chagrin and humiliation was felt on every hand. Hon. W. L. Adkins made a brief but plain and pointed talk, strongly favored the abolition of the corporation. So deep did his words penetrate and so incensed did the hearers become at the treatment at the hands of the council that a petition was immediately started around town to secure signatures of tax payers. Said petition to be presented to Judge Mansfield, who will order an election to give the people a chance to say whether or not they desire to be run over rough

shod by three men. As sufficient signatures have already been secured the election is assured. We will admit that the town is pretty small, but do not think that it is yet time for the wishes of the people to be turned down by three men, and if this is the way the deal is to be continued, we say rub out and start over.

We, at heart do not favor the abolition of the corporation, but if the people are to be sat down upon by three men, and municipal affairs are to be in future handled in like manner, then we say, "23 skiddoo for the corporation!"

What did Patrick Henry request?

ELECTION

Columbus, Texas, August 6, 1906

The election to be held, whether or not the corporation of the city of Columbus shall be abolished is assuming proportions and almost every man, woman and child in Columbus is taking an active interest. Posters and dodgers have been distributed several times today announcing public meetings and in all day session of the city council was held to exhibit the books, showing that the city's funds have not been misappropriated, and a rousing mass meeting was held at the courthouse under the care of Chairman Towell, and a spirited address of two hours' duration was delivered by Hon. W. L. Adkins favoring the abolishment of the corporation, which was loudly applauded. The election was held and the corporation abolished.

Chapter XIX

DEATH OF S. HERBERT REESE

(*Colorado Citizen*, 1912)

Last Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Herbert Reese, while at his home, accidentally dropped a 32 caliber automatic pistol which was discharged as it struck the floor. The bullet entered his body ranging upward and death resulted at 1:45 the following morning.

From the first, it was realized that the wound was serious, if not fatal. The patient exhibited great fortitude under his suffering, and retained consciousness to within a few minutes of his death.

Mr. Reese was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Reese, and was born at Oakland, November 27, 1880. He was married June 17, 1907 to Miss Ivaugh Ilse, who survives him. Besides his widow he is survived by his mother, Mrs. Keetie (Keron) B. Reese, his brother, J. W. Reese of El Paso, and three sisters, Mrs. J. T. Johnston of Austin, Mrs. J. F. Lessing and Miss Lillian Reese of this city.

The funeral took place yesterday (Thursday) and his remains taken to Weimar for interment, where his father, the late Sheriff S. H. Reese was buried, a special train being engaged for the purpose which left here at one o'clock p.m. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Welch of the Baptist church. The following acted as pall bearers: A. A. Gregory, E. B. Mayes, E. C. Burtschell, John Hester, John Hastedt, Lonnie Daniels, W. R. Walker, W. S. Miller and J. A. Harbert.

The floral tributes were beautiful and profuse. A number of relatives and friends from a distance were here to

witness the last sad rites. A large number of friends attended from this place. Mr. Reese possessed many noble traits of character, was kind and generous and true to a friend. His unfortunate taking off in the bloom of youth and prime of manhood has cast a gloom over the community which time alone can erase. The widow, mother, and other relatives have the unbounded sympathy of the community in this sad hour.

(*Houston Post*) In the passing of Herbert, who died when manhood's morning almost touched noon, and while the shadows were falling toward the West, I have lost a relation. In the passing on life's highway while the highest points were at its best, he lay down by the wayside and fell into that dreamless sleep that knows no awakening. While still in love with life and the raptures of the world, he passed to silent and pathetic dust, just in the happiest, sunniest hour when every moment jeweled with joy. He was my relation who loved the beautiful, and was with music touched to tears. He believed that happiness was the only good reason the only torch—justice the only worship—humanity the only religion—and love the only priest. Now that the last embers have changed from red to gray—the work of life finished, the gold of evening meets the dusk of night, the flying shuttle ceases to fly; it carries a desire to do honor to him, to his aged mother, his devoted wife, sisters, and to his brother—I tender my deep and heartfelt sympathy in their great sorrow and bereavement.

William Ware.

HORACE'S HUNT FLUSHES A FEW

It was almost lunch time when Horace Hunt came to Mrs. Reese and inquired if she had not received a telegram? She was naturally a little surprised at the query, but as this man was her friend, she replied that as a matter of fact she had. Then he told her that he saw Mr. Vie (the telegrapher) give a negro boy a telegram and when the boy reached the west gate of the courthouse, Will Clements, Red Burford and Marian Hope stopped him and took the envelope, opened it, read it and sent the boy on his way. Horace watched the negro and decided it was a message from Walter Reese. So

when the boy was returning from delivering the telegram, Horace stopped him and asked what those men said to him.

At first the poor boy was afraid to tell anything as he had been threatened by the Clement bunch, but Horace told him that they would never know about it and he would be safe in telling him. The negro said, "Mr. Hunt, them men took the telegram and read it aloud and then said, 'We'll meet that train tonight and shoot hell out of Walter Reese.' " So, like the good friend that he was, Horace came to warn the mother and her daughter.

About this time Lillian Reese, returning from her music-studio, entered the room and was a little surprised to see Horace and her mother apparently engaged in a most serious conversation. After ascertaining the facts in the case, she thanked Horace but refused his offer of assistance in going with her to meet the train. Instead, she immediately went into action. Calling their trusty negro servant, Jeff, she instructed him to have "Coley" in harness in readiness to meet the early morning train. Jeff asked, "Is Mr. Walter coming, Miss Lillie? If he does and them bad folks start anything, Miss Lillie, I'll sure fight for him 'til I die." The quick answer to that was, "Thank you, Jeff, but you just have the horse and buggy ready and on time. Remember, I never leave the house until I hear the whistle clear." So everything was handled quietly, peacefully and efficiently, and when the old Southern Pacific pulled in, Lillian Reese drove her horse and buggy right up to the coach and Walter stepped in. At that moment, Horace Hunt came up to the buggy and got in beside Walter and as they were returning to the Reese home Horace related this little episode. It seems that as he was watching "corners" he heard some talking back of the old cleaning shop and upon investigating saw several of the enemy gathered there. He spoke to them calling each by name and this not only startled them but also had the effect of "flushing" them. This was the very first time these two brave men, Walter and Horace, had ever met. As they were alighting from the buggy, Horace said, "Mr. Reese, your mother has been so good to me, and was so kind and helpful to my wife Helen, that I'd like to show my appreciation by joining in the affray if there is any trouble or gun-play." Walter

smiled and thanked Horace but answered with a twinkle in his steel-gray eyes, "There is no use in anyone else becoming involved. My brother Herbert is dead. That leaves Joe (Dr. Lessing) and me to hold the bag. Trouble is a pretty bad thing to get mixed in, but I shall always remember your generous offer of friendship and if you should ever need me, use the phone." The men shook hands and thereon a sincere friendship was sealed. It was much later later that it was learned the enemy became alarmed when Horace greeted them; and decided to wait a more seasonable opportunity, as the "Reeses must be ready for us."

Chapter XX

JIM COLEMAN

Now there was Jim Coleman. You hear this and you hear that about this man, but what is true of him? He was the young son of the widow Coleman who was postmistress in the small town of Alleyton, which is about three miles east of Columbus.

Jim was a very bright, affable, lovable Irishman. Full of fun, wit, high good humor and cheerfulness. He was brave and fearless and had one outstanding characteristic — Jim Coleman never let a friend down! He was every ready to face death with, and for a friend.

His two half-sisters, Katy and Mary married the Burtschell twins, Joe and Jake. During his tenure of life, Jake resided in Alleyton and was considered a good citizen. He was the leader of the Burtschell brothers in all activities—political, business, etc. It was in his own place of business in this little town of Alleyton that a man by name of Huvar killed Jake. At that time Jim Coleman was a mere youth, but he killed this man Huvar to avenge the murder of his brother-in-law Jake Burtschell.

Jim was considered a good man with a gun, and while he was his normal self his enemies were afraid to come out in the open and tackle him. In the latter part of his life, however, he became a victim to the accursed liquor and dope; and this made him careless and gullible. It was through friends whom he trusted that he met his death. These friends, George Shoaf, Frank Maibaum and W. A. Kincheloe knew that Jim was unarmed and was, no doubt, under the evil spell of dope. But even so, they were afraid of him. They

maneuvered to have Jim sit with his back to the door of the saloon so that he could not see his murderers enter. Marian Hope claimed to have killed Coleman, but while he lay in the throes of death that dominant Irish spirit responding at last to a supreme effort, named his assailants as Maibaum, Hope and Kincheloe of the Maverick Bar, and this was the testimony given by Police Officer Quintana.

There were five men involved according to newspaper clippings. They were Will Clements, Marian Hope, George Shoaf, W. A. Kincheloe and Frank Maibaum. To show how cowardly Marian Hope was—it is by his own admission that he resorted to his old mode of running after shooting. He claimed this time that he ran out to re-load his pistol as he was afraid that Coleman had a gun! If Coleman had possessed a gun he would have left at least one or two of his murderers writhing on the floor. Someone in the crowd said that he was not mortally wounded and Jim asked the crowd to go away and let him die in peace. With a sarcastic smile playing around his lips, he replied to the above remark, "Now I know it's all off with me." It is known that Will Clements was with Marian Hope also, and while Hope used a 38 caliber pistol, Jim Coleman had six bullet holes in him. Three were from a Colt 45, two were from a 38 and the sixth was not located, and an autopsy was not performed on the body to further clear this point.

WALTER REESE MEETS JIM COLEMAN'S MURDERERS

It was Walter Reese who later saw Shoaf and upon the latter's protestation that he was Reese's friend, received this reply, "You damn double-crossing so and so. Don't try to claim friendship with me. You double-crossed Jim Coleman who thought you were his friend, but I always keep my head clear. Any time you try this on me they will find old George Shoaf where he left Coleman, only it will be a one man affair. I won't need help to handle your kind of half-breed treachery."

Later, Walter Reese remembering the Jim Coleman whom he had loved told Maibaum and Kincheloe his private opinion

of them which in effect was the same thing that he had previously told their confederate George Shoaf.

But while his enemies may have rejoiced at his death, let this be said of Jim Coleman. Had he let drink and the fiendish drug alone it would have taken a more clever scheme than the one employed to have gotten him, and he would have given a good account of himself.

ASSASSINATION OF JIM COLEMAN

(From *Belton Evening News*)

Jim Coleman is dead! Died unarmed! Shot down by an assassin! And in the presence of his alleged friends! The ninth victim of Colorado County's noted feud that started some ten years ago.

As how the feud started I do not know, save Jim told me one night in San Antonio when I was his guest; for Jim Coleman was my friend and always will be, for while "The living sometimes become estranged, the dead are always true." And I am not ashamed to own that in life Jim Coleman befriended me, and with him I always "toted fair." His brother Tom, a genial, progressive citizen and a well-to-do business man, as square as a die—has been my friend for years, and for years before I knew him he was one of the best friends my old business associates, George Lang, ever had; and I'd rather go to H—Hallelujah in a hand basket than go back on my friends, or deny that they were friends (as Peter did the Christ) after death had claimed them for its own. Jim Coleman told me the trouble originated without just cause or provocation on his part. That he was just in company with some friends when they were imposed upon by the opposition, and because he resented insults to his friends he was "marked for slaughter," and in the years to come he was accused of killing several of the opposing element.

But now poor Jim's earthly trials are over, and his gray-haired mother, down in Colorado County, is not the only one who will drop a tear to the memory of the boy, who, though he sometimes erred, was loyal and true to his friends.

WHERE COLEMAN RESIDED—TESTIMONY
DISPUTED

(*Houston Post*)

To the Editor:

I noticed Post of May 26 contained a statement by H. A. Townsend of this city in reference of testimony sworn to by him at San Antonio in inquest proceedings of James H. Coleman, who was murdered there a few days ago. Now my object in writing this is to correct a part of his sworn statement, in which he swore under oath that Coleman came here and resided on Reese's farms. I desire to correct that part of the sworn statement, as Coleman never resided on our farms. He lived with his widowed mother at Alleyton, three miles east of Columbus, and the fact that he resided at Alleyton with his widowed mother was known by the above witness, and the intent to place a certain construction on the words—"Coleman resided on Reese's farms" is the reason I desire to correct it and say if placed under oath that Jim Coleman has never resided on any of our farms.

Hoping that you will kindly give this space in the columns of the Post, I am, very respectfully yours,

Columbus, Texas

J. W. Reese

Chapter XXI

THE MAN—JOHN WALTER REESE

This John Walter Reese was the same person who, as a young boy of eighteen saw his father murdered and heard the shouts of men to "kill the damn boy." Let us see how deserving was his persecution.

Walter was a good son and brother; loyal to his friends, generous to a degree, honest, upright in his business dealing, a student of philosophy, a philanthropist, a Christian gentleman (he was a member of the Baptist Church) and a man who knew not the meaning of personal fear. The Reeses owned farming land, cattle and pasturages, which, despite the enemy threats and plotting, were attended to by the two brothers, Walter and Herbert.

In an attempt to rid himself and his family of further trouble, Walter accepted a position with the McCane Detective Agency in Houston. At a later date he moved to Yoakum where he was elected Constable of that place and was cited as an efficient officer living up to his campaign promises to keep the city "dry as a drum" and also to corral all offenders of the law. At a later date he moved to El Paso engaging in several business ventures but the old love of politics was in his veins and after serving in several official capacities was appointed to the office of Captain of Detectives, which post he held when he accidentally met his death.

He was a highly respected officer and during his illness, a daily bulletin was posted as to his condition so that his many friends could keep in touch with the doctors' pronouncements.

POLICE INSPECTOR J. W. (WALTER) REESE
DYING FROM INJURIES IN AN
AUTOMOBILE WRECK

(Copied from El Paso Newspapers)

J. W. Reese, former Inspector of police and now Captain of Detectives, is dying in Hotel Dieu and William Kell, an oil salesman, sustained a painful injury to his back at 3 o'clock Friday morning, when the automobile in which they were riding turned over at Val Verde curve. The men were unable to account for the accident.

According to the police, the two men had been riding in the lower valley and were returning to El Paso when the accident occurred. The car with Reese driving, skidded on the curve and, after running a short distance on two wheels, turned over, throwing Reese beside the road and narrowly missing pinning Kell under the car. After Reese was thrown unconscious beside the road, Kell managed to attract the attention of "Babe" Depeder, a driver for the 449 Auto Stand, who was riding along the road. Depeder stopped and placed the injured men in his car and took them to the police emergency hospital. Dr. John Hardy was called and treated the men. Previous to the arrival of Depeder, however, someone telephoned the police that Reese had been injured and they started after him in the patrol wagon. When the patrol arrived at the scene of the accident, the patrolmen found the injured men gone. They found the car had a broken windshield and a broken top. The car was a Dodge which was assigned to Reese for use in connection with his duties as an officer.

At police headquarters Dr. Hardy announced that Mr. Reese would probably not recover. He was immediately removed to Hotel Dieu, where attendants reported Friday morning that he was not expected to live throughout the day. Kell was able to go to his home after the accident. Mr. Reese's injuries, the doctor said, consisted of a severe fracture at the base of the skull. At the hospital he went into delirium and suffered dangerous hemorrhages from the ears, nose and mouth. Police were unable to learn what business had called the men down to the valley at 3 o'clock in the morning, as

Kell said he merely "went to ride with Reese."

Mr. Reese was 40 years old. Mrs. Reese and their small child left Thursday to visit relatives in Chicago. Members of the detective department telegraphed them on the train Friday morning to notify them of the accident. Mrs. S. H. Reese of Columbus, Texas, also was notified and is expected here Saturday.

During Friday morning hundreds of persons, friends of the injured Detective Captain, telephoned the police station to ascertain the extent of his injuries, so that a patrolman was assigned to answer the calls.

Patrolmen Friday morning said they thought the accident was due to wet pavement caused by a rain which fell shortly before the accident and which caused the car to skid.

Every day reports of Walter Reese's condition were posted and at last came the ominous warning: J. Walter Reese Operated On At El Paso Hospital Resorted to as Last Hope for City Detective's Recovery.

REESE HAS SLIGHT CHANCE TO BEAT DEATH.

WALTER REESE IS STILL IN CRITICAL CONDITION.

WALTER REESE STILL ALIVE—CONDITION REMAINS THE SAME.

WALTER REESE'S CONDITION IS REPORTED TO BE WORSE.

WALTER REESE SINKING—CONDITION CRITICAL.

WALTER REESE LOSES HIS LONG FIGHT FOR LIFE.

WELL KNOWN OFFICER SUCCUMBS TO INJURIES RECEIVED NOVEMBER 7TH.

John Walter Reese, 40 years old, for several years a captain of detectives and inspector of police here, and widely known as a peace officer, died at Hotel Dieu, at 6 o'clock Thursday night, after four weeks of suffering from injuries received in an automobile accident which occurred early on the morning of November 7th. The accident occurred when Captain Reese and William Kell an oil salesman, were driving on the county road near Val Verde. According to Kell, the men were running less than 30 miles an hour when

their car struck a rut in the roadway and overturned, throwing Reese out of the car and to one side. He sustained a fractured skull and internal injuries. Kell was uninjured. The injured man was rushed to the hospital where he underwent two operations, which however, were unable to correct his injuries.

WALTER REESE, ACCIDENT VICTIM, TAKEN BY DEATH.

WELL KNOWN DETECTIVE CAPTAIN LOSES IN DESPERATE FIGHT FOR LIFE.

J. Walter Reese, 40, captain of city detectives, died at Hotel Dieu, Thursday at 6 p.m. of injuries received when his automobile turned over on the lower valley road five weeks ago.

His wife, mother, daughter and sisters were at the bedside when death came. No funeral services will be held in El Paso. The body will be escorted to the union station by a platoon of police at 3 o'clock Friday afternoon and will be shipped to Weimar, Texas, for interment.

Mr. Reese was born in Oakland, Texas, but the family moved to Columbus, Texas when he was a small child. In his early twenties he joined the Texas Rangers. He left the Rangers to go with G. H. & S. A. Railroad as special agent in 1911. Three years ago he was made inspector of El Paso police and later Captain of Detectives. Besides his wife, he is survived by a daughter, Lola Herberta, 6 years old; his mother, Mrs. S. H. Reese, Columbus, Texas; and three sisters, Mrs. J. F. Lessing, Mrs. J. T. Johnston, and Miss Lillian Reese. Mr. Reese was a member of Odd Fellows and Woodmen of the World Lodges. The body was taken to the Peake-Hagedon Chapel.

THE CITY OF EL PASO CITIZENS PAID TRIBUTE TO J. WALTER REESE

When J. Walter Reese died there was grief, genuine grief among the poorest to the wealthiest of El Paso citizenry. Except for a few "call" men, the entire city police force accompanied the body of J. Walter Reese, city detective captain, to the train at 3 o'clock Friday afternoon. The busi-

ness houses closed their doors and the streets lined with uncovered and bowed heads in a last sorrowful farewell to their friend and acquaintance.

NATIVE OF TEXAS

Mr. Reese was born at Oakland, Texas, but at an early age his family moved to Columbus, Texas. During his young manhood he was deputy sheriff in the county where his father had served as sheriff. He came to El Paso in 1903 and operated a grocery store on South El Paso street. A year later he joined the State Ranger Forces. One year later he became a Special Agent for the G. H. & S. A. Railway, El Paso Division. He held this office from the fall of 1910 to 1912, when he was made Inspector of Police. This position Mr. Reese held until the abolition of the office under the reign of Chief J. R. Montgomery, when he was made a Captain of Detectives. During his services as an officer, Captain Reese had many narrow escapes from death and several attempts have been made upon his life.

TRAGEDIES IN FAMILY

Herbert Reese, a brother of Walter Reese, was accidentally killed in 1912 when he dropped a revolver. The pistol exploded and the bullet struck Herbert Reese in the stomach, resulting in his death.

The father of Walter Reese was assassinated on March 16, 1899 in Columbus, Texas.

Chapter XXII

SENATOR T. H. MCGREGOR

Mrs. Sam H. Reese and her daughter, Miss Lillian Reese moved to Austin after the death of her son, Captain of Detectives, J. Walter Reese of El Paso.

Mrs. Nell Herndon McGregor (wife of Senator T. H. McGregor) and Miss Reese became close friends. Their friendship was often compared to that of David and Jonathan.

One evening as the McGregors were honoring their son Douglas with a dinner party, which included his fraternity brothers, the subject of bravery was discussed among these boys, and they asked the Senator if he could recall any incident of unusual bravery by anyone whom he may have known.

Mr. McGregor smiled, then chuckled and said, "The bravest man that I have ever known was a small, slender, dignified young man by name of Walter Reese. One evening while in Houston I asked Reese to have a drink with me. The usual reply from him came instantly, "No thank you Mac. You know that I never drink anything stronger than lemonade." Mr. McGregor continued, "I was feeling pretty good and for some reason insisted—when suddenly Reese jumped in front of me and said, 'Look out Mac'—and I saw several men with drawn pistols, but Reese had them covered. And laughingly he said, "Better get going boys. Remember you are not in Columbus now. Put up your toys, or - - - " And Mr. McGregor said the enemy backed out of the room. "Reese then turned to me and with twinkling eyes said, 'Now Mac you see why I must always keep a clear head.'" And

again Mr. McGregor reiterated "Walter was the most fearless man I have ever known. He was perfectly calm and actually seemed amused. When I asked whether he was not afraid that those men would come back he replied, "I'll tell you something Mac. As long as you can keep that bunch of murderers in front of you, you need never worry. But if they can shoot you from the back—well, that's their meat." Now turning to Miss Reese, Mr. McGregor asked, "Was Walter Reese a relative of yours?" Upon receiving the reply, "he's a brother of mine," the Senator arose from his seat at the head of the table, and going to Miss Reese shook her hand and said, "I know now why I liked you at our first meeting."

JOSEPH V. FRNKA

Joe Frnka was a well known lawyer and politician. He was Colorado County's representative at one time and at a later date was sent to Germany by the Federal Government.

During a hotly contested election for sheriff of Colorado County, Mr. Frnka, who spoke Bohemian and German fluently, was in opposition to the candidate whom the Burford faction were supporting. This quite naturally irritated these men, as Lawyer Frnka would go to the various political meetings and address the people of the German and Bohemian settlements in their native tongue. At each of these meetings he would impress upon the assembly the tragedies that occurred during Mr. Burford's reign as sheriff and remind them of the danger of voting for anyone whom these people would support. It seems that he was warned several times to cease these speeches, but he ignored the threats and continued electioneering and stumping the county for his choice of officers.

One day, while he was at work in his law office (which building was in his front yard), someone knocked at his door and upon opening same he was confronted by three men with drawn pistols who said they intended to kill him. Instead of running or showing fear of his enemies, Mr. Frnka replied something to this effect, "It is true gentlemen that you can kill me. There are three of you with drawn guns against only one of me, who is unarmed. But, gentlemen, have

you considered what will happen to you? Why you will be electrocuted. There will be two accounts against you—trespassing and threatening and committing murder in a man's own place of business! The law is very plain whereby premeditated murder is concerned. There isn't a lawyer in the whole State of Texas that could save you from the chair. So gentlemen, if you care to take that chance—here I am!" At this point the men became alarmed and after again threatening him put up their guns and left. Mr. Frnka said, "After they departed, I was a little jittery and closed my door and went into my house. As I entered the door, my wife called to me and upon approaching her I discovered that she held a shotgun. She immediately said, "I saw those men and if they had fired a shot I would have killed all three of them." With his characteristic chuckle, Mr. Frnka continued, "And she couldn't have missed them as she was at a window directly facing the culprits."

It was this same Mr. Frnka who enjoyed telling this joke on Judge Lester Holt, who was a close friend of his. It seems that the two gentlemen had been on one of these speaking tours and while returning home, "Petey" (as Mr. Frnka called him) suddenly slapped him on the back and said "Joe, F-R-N-K-A doesn't spell a damn thing!"

Chapter XXIII

HOW DID THEY DIE?

MARCUS TOWNSEND

Marcus Townsend died a terrible death (cancer) screaming that he was going to hell. (Altho' he was a reputed infidel). His nurse told Mrs. J. F. Lessing that he kept screaming, "Go away Sam Reese. I killed you. Go away and leave me. I know I was wrong!" Then she said he would continue repeating the above remarks and she added, "I hope I'll never have to nurse such a case again."

WILL CLEMENTS

Will Clements acted the bully one time too much. It is said that he and his clique decided to run a man out of the little town of Lane City because of competitive business. This man was a good German citizen and did not run so easily, therefore, when Clements came riding up to his place of business and again began his usual tormenting antics, he suddenly found himself looking into the face of a gun. Like all yellow murderers, Clements begged for his life, while his small son who was riding behind his father, ran like a wild turkey. Buckshot really kills! So exit Will Clements.

Early one morning, Mrs. Sam Reese was called to the side gate and a perfectly strange man introduced himself as the man who had killed Will Clements. After telling her the above story he said he would like to ask her a question. He had had a dream about her son Herbert Reese and wanted to know if the dream-picture fitted the description of Herbert. After telling of the dream wherein Herbert told him that he had planned to attend his trial, this man gave an identical description of Herbert, (whom he had never seen)

and Mrs. Reese remarked that she had never heard anything so remarkably accurate.

JIM GAITHER TOWNSEND

Jim Townsend continued his old way of living, cursing, abusing and drinking. He tied up with a saloon keeper who didn't seem to scare too easily. Going into the saloon, Townsend would let forth a tirade of invectives and threats to kill. This saloon man warned Townsend to stay away from his place of business, but Townsend was determined to "run him out of town." One day while feeling in a killing mood, Townsend went to this saloon, drew his pistol and began shooting. The saloon-keeper reached into his bar-drawer, got his gun and let Townsend have it. Both men were mortally wounded. The saloon man kept asking if Townsend was dead and finally came the word that he was. Then this poor wounded man smiled and said, "I'm glad - - , " and died!

W. T. BURFORD

Old Man Bill Burford also died a terrible death from cancer.

A young colored boy (Eddie Schmidt) came to Mrs. Joe F. Lessing's house and asked if she would employ him. He was so frightened that his skin was ashen. Mrs. Lessing asked what was the matter with him, and wasn't he working for the Burfords? He answered, "I was, but I ain't, Mrs. Lessing. I was chopping weeds near the window where Mr. Burford's bed was and I heard him crying with pain and saying that he was looking right into hell. His wife said for him to pray and he said, 'I can't pray. I'm looking right down in hell.'" The young mulatto continued, "I was scared, Mrs. Lessing. That man said he was looking into hell! I dropped my hoe and came running to town and I thought that you and the Doctor could use a little colored boy."

Mrs. Lessing was nonplussed. She had never seen the boy before and knowing that he was working for the Burfords made her suspicious. However she decided to let her husband handle the case. It developed that the boy was a good worker, liked horses and stayed with the Lessings for a number of years. (Mr. Burford died).

MARIAN HOPE — "A Damn Fine Horse."

And the running Marian? What was his fate?

George Martin was a railroad man and he was on the train when it was reported that Marian Hope was killed. An old man whose hearing was very much impaired, asked, "What's this? Who was killed?" Someone replied, "Marian Hope." Again the old man cupped his hand to his ear and said, "Marian Hope? Who killed him?" — "A horse," was the reply. At that the old man laughed, leaned back in his seat and calmly remarked, "A damn fine horse." A later report was to the effect that Hope had been shot off his horse which was found feeding on the grass not far from the body.

All the other participants in the feud are either dead or far removed from the scene of trouble, Columbus, Colorado County, Texas.

Chapter XXIV

DESCENDANTS OF REESE-TOWNSEND-BURFORD- CLEMENTS FEUD

The descendants of the widely publicized feud have been, and are among the leading citizens in professional, business, ranchers and politicians of Texas and elsewhere in the United States. They are either determined to ignore the past, or perhaps are in complete ignorance of its existence. However, it may be noted that while there is no known enmity existing among this younger generation; there has never been any amalgamation among the Reeses and their forefathers' enemies. But there is at present only friendliness and courtesy and decidedly no wish to again stir the ashen embers of old scars which could only begin another reign of sorrow.

